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- ① Page 11 - 12
- ② Page 25 - 26
- ③ Page 19 - 20
- ④ Page 55 - 56
- ⑤ Page 56 - 57
1. Page 2011 - 2012
2. Page 244 -

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POEMS OF YOUTH

VERSE FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

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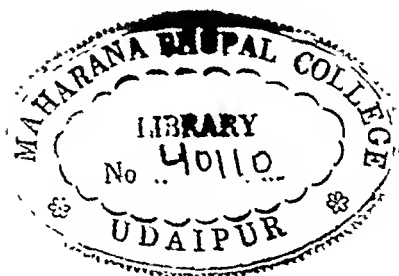
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PREFACE

In this volume boys and girls will find many of the long-familiar poems of our language, together with a considerable number of poems from our present-day writers. Each of these selections earns its place in the book because it is essentially a "poem of youth," appealing to young readers through its strong story interest, its imaginative qualities, or its melody and rhythm. The poems are grouped into ten sections, which correspond, in the large, to the developing interests of junior-high-school readers, beginning with the familiar incidents of home life and leading up to the closing section, *Playing the Game*.

In the hope that simple, short, human accounts of the lives of the authors may prove helpful in stimulating a love of the poems themselves, these are added in the Biographical Notes. As a further aid to the pupil's understanding and consequent enjoyment a variety of suggestions for classroom study and discussion of the poems are included in the Study Helps. Here also will be found such explanations, interesting information, and background material as are needed by the pupil for a proper understanding of the text. Finally, the illustrations, through their simplicity, strength, and freedom, will serve, it is hoped, as another potent factor in awakening and fostering a lasting appreciation of poetry in our boys and girls.

ALICE C. COOPER

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY POEM

PAGE

"They Had No Poet"	Don Marquis	xvii
------------------------------	-------------	------

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

A Home Song	Henry van Dyke	3
Inscriptions for a House	Henry van Dyke	3
The Children's Hour	Henry W. Longfellow	4
The Child	George Edward Woodberry	6
Little Orphant Annie	James Whitcomb Riley	7
A New Poet	William Canton	9
Frolic	George William Russell ("A. E.")	10
The Circus-Day Parade	James Whitcomb Riley	11
Holy Thursday	William Blake	12
"The Fairies have Never a Penny to Spend"	Rose Fyleman	13
Romance	William J. Turner	14
An Ancient Toast	Author unknown	15
The Song my Mother Sings	Thomas O'Hagan	16
Margery Maketh the Tea	William Wilfred Campbell	17
Armenian Song	Anne Stoddard	18
Chanticleer	Katharine Tynan	18
The Stowaway Cat	Louella C. Poole	20
For Bob: a Dog	David Morton	21

THE JOY OF WORK

"I will go with my Father a-Ploughing"	Joseph Campbell	25
"What do we Plant?"	Henry Abbey	26
Coromandel Fishers	Sarojini Naidu	26
The Homecoming of the Sheep	Francis Ledwidge	27
The Ox-Tamer	Walt Whitman	28
The Shoe Factory	Ruth Harwood	29
In a Girls' School	David Morton	31
Bridge Builders	Evelyn Simms	32
To a Post-Office Inkwell	Christopher Morley	33

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Postmen	<i>Virna Sheard</i> 33
The Overland Mail	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 35
Shops	<i>Winifred M. Letts</i> 36
The Ticket Agent	<i>Edmund Leamy</i> 37
The Travel Bureau	<i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> 38
An Old Lover	<i>David Morton</i> 39
Christmas at Sea	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 39

THE MAGIC WORLD

"I Meant to do my Work Today"	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i> 45
The Making of Birds	<i>Katharine Tynan</i> 45
"Hark to the Merry Birds"	<i>Robert Bridges</i> 46
Joy of the Morning	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 48
The First Bluebird	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 49
The Song of the Thrush	<i>Thomas Augustine Daly</i> 49
The Maryland Yellow-throat	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> 50
A Visit from the Sea	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 52
The Parrots	<i>Wilfrid Wilson Gibson</i> 53
Tree-toad	<i>Hilda Conkling</i> 54
The Snare	<i>James Stephens</i> 55
The Brook	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 56
Wild Roses	<i>Beth Cheney Nichols</i> 58
The Daffodils	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 59
The Lent Lily	<i>Alfred Edward Housman</i> 60
The Petrified Fern	<i>Mary Bolles Branch</i> 61
A B C's in Green	<i>Leonora Speyer</i> 62
Trees	<i>Bliss Carman</i> 63
The Apple Blossoms	<i>William Wesley Martin</i> 64
The Apple-tree	<i>Nancy Campbell</i> 65
Four Trees	<i>Mildred Focht</i> 66
Family Trees	<i>Douglas Malloch</i> 67
A Ballad of Trees and the Master	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 69
The Starry Host	<i>John Lancaster Spalding</i> 69

FROM FAR AWAY

A Wanderer's Song	<i>John Masefield</i> 73
Travel	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 74

CONTENTS

xi

PAGE

The Child and the Mariner	<i>William Henry Davies</i>	75
The Last Buccaneer	<i>Thomas Babington Macanlay</i>	76
The Song of the Bow	<i>Arthur Conan Doyle</i>	78
Going up to London	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	79
The Sign of the Golden Shoe	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	82
Spanish Waters	<i>John Masefield</i>	84
The Little Bells of Sevilla	<i>Dora Sigerson Shorter</i>	86
Amber from Egypt	<i>Agnes Kendrick Gray</i>	87
A Turkish Legend	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	88
Tartary	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	88
Aloha	<i>William Griffith</i>	90
In the South Seas	<i>Peter Gray Wolf</i>	91
The Homeland	<i>Dana Burnet</i>	92

THE CYCLE OF TIME

Song	<i>Robert Browning</i>	95
The Months	<i>Sara Colridge</i>	95
Candlemas	<i>Alice Brown</i>	96
February Speaks	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i>	97
The Year's Awakening	<i>Thomas Hardy</i>	98
Written in March	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	99
"Spring goeth all in White"	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	99
Harbingers	<i>Louella C. Poole</i>	100
Who Calls?	<i>Frances Clarke</i>	101
Spring in the Subway	<i>Elsa Gill</i>	102
Spring Song	<i>Bliss Carman</i>	102
Spring Symphony	<i>David Fallon</i>	103
April	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i>	105
A Guest Speaks	<i>Aline Kilmer</i>	105
The Throstle	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	106
In June	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i>	106
September	<i>Edward Bliss Reed</i>	107
The First Autumn	<i>Marshall Schacht</i>	108
October's Bright Blue Weather	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	109
Home Thoughts	<i>Odell Shepard</i>	110
"I Hear the Woodlands Calling"	<i>Madison Cawein</i>	112
Winter Streams	<i>Bliss Carman</i>	113

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Gates and Doors	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> 114
A Christmas Carol	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 116
The Song of the Shepherds	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 117
Carol	<i>Kenneth Grahame</i> 119
The Shepherd who Stayed	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i> 120
Good King Wenceslas	<i>Translated by J. M. Neale</i> 121
The New Year	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 123

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

The Adventurers	<i>May Byron</i> 127
The Ballad of the Oysterman	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 127
The Destruction of Sennacherib	<i>Lord Byron</i> 129
Alexander Taming Bucephalus	<i>Park Benjamin</i> 130
The Bell of Atri	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 133
Sir Patrick Spens	<i>Author unknown</i> 137
The Patriot's Pass-word	<i>James Montgomery</i> 141
The <i>Revenge</i>	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 143
The Cavalier's Escape	<i>Walter Thornbury</i> 148
"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"	<i>Robert Browning</i> 150
Hervé Riel	<i>Robert Browning</i> 152
The Charge of the Light Brigade	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 157
The Leap of Roushan Beg	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 159
Lady Clare	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 162
John Gilpin	<i>William Cowper</i> 166
Lord Ullin's Daughter	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 175
The Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees	<i>Ellen Murray</i> 177
The Ballad of the Foxhunter	<i>William Butler Yeats</i> 179
The Wreck of the <i>Hesperus</i>	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 181
Kate Shelly	<i>Eugene J. Hall</i> 185
The Gift of Tritemius	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> 187
The Fool's Prayer	<i>Edward Rowland Sill</i> 189
Abou Ben Adhem	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 191

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

The High Countrie	<i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i> 195
Day	<i>Fannie Stearns Davis</i> 196

CONTENTS

xiii

	PAGE
The Call of the Spring	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 197
In Blossom Time	<i>Ina Donna Coolbrith</i> 199
An Angler's Wish	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> 200
The Song of the Light Canoe	<i>Horace Spencer Fiske</i> 202
Hunting Song	<i>Walter Scott</i> 203
Riding Song	<i>Author unknown</i> 204
Lone Dog	<i>Irene Rutherford McLeod</i> 205
The Climbing Road	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 206
The Ranger's Life	<i>Arthur Chapman</i> 206
The Lure of the Trail	<i>Floyd Meredith</i> 207
Trail Song	<i>Harold Symmes</i> 208
Nature's Cathedrals	<i>David Fallon</i> 209
The Music of the Pines	<i>Helen Douglas Adam</i> 210
Sea Shell	<i>Amy Lowell</i> 211
"To Sea"	<i>Thomas Lovell Beddoes</i> 212
"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 212
The Sea	<i>Bryan Waller Procter</i> 213
Hastings Mill	<i>Cicely Fox Smith</i> 215

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

The Ship of State	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 219
The Children's Song	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 220
"What Makes a Nation?"	<i>Wilbur Dick Nesbit</i> 221
Columbus	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 222
The First American Sailors	<i>Wallace Rice</i> 223
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	<i>Felicia D. Hemans</i> 227
The Pilgrim Fathers	<i>John Pierpont</i> 229
The Rising	<i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i> 230
Nathan Hale	<i>Francis Miles Finch</i> 233
Molly Pitcher	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 236
The Ride of Jennie M'Neal	<i>Will Carleton</i> 237
Flag of the Free	<i>Walter Taylor Field</i> 242
Old Ironsides	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 243
The Pioneer	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> 244
The Song of the Camp	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 245
"O Captain! My Captain!"	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 247
The Blue and the Gray	<i>Francis Miles Finch</i> 248

	PAGE
The New Memorial Day	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i> 250
The Flag Goes By	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> 251
Heroes	<i>Berton Braley</i> 252
Sagamore	<i>Corinne Roosevelt Robinson</i> 253
The Brook that runs to France	<i>John Clair Minot</i> 253
The Americans Come	<i>Elizabeth A. Wilbur</i> 255
"In the Midst of Them"	<i>Margaret Bell Merrill</i> 256
Unknown	<i>Ella M. Hazen</i> 258
The Poppy	<i>John S. Madden</i> 259
The Land where Hate Should Die	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i> 260

WITH THE IMMORTALS

A Book	<i>Emily Dickinson</i> 263
"Who Hath a Book"	<i>Wilbur Dick Nesbit</i> 263
Aladdin	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 264
Sleeping Beauty	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> 264
The Lotos-Eaters	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 265
Argus	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 267
Ulysses	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 268
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer	<i>John Keats</i> 270
The Shepherd of King Admetus	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 271
Pegasus in Pound	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 272
A Musical Instrument	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 275
Pan in Wall Street	<i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i> 276
David	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i> 280
A Song of Solomon	<i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i> 281
Sir Galahad	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 281
How Oswald Dined with God	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 284
Forty Singing Seamen	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 286
The Dead Napoleon	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 290
Santa Filomena	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 291
Dickens in Camp	<i>Bret Harte</i> 293
Requiem	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 295

PLAYING THE GAME

Life, a Question	<i>Corinne Roosevelt Robinson</i> 299
Ode	<i>Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy</i> 299

CONTENTS

XV

	PAGE
A Little Song of Life	<i>Lizette Woodworth Reese</i> 300
Navajo Prayer	<i>Edward Yeomans</i> 301
For Those who Fail	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 302
The Effect of Example	<i>John Keble</i> 302
What is Good?	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> 303
The Cup beside the Spring	<i>Douglas Malloch</i> 304
Candle-Lighting Song	<i>Arthur Ketchum</i> 305
Lights	<i>Mabel Cleland Ludlum</i> 306
A Time to Talk	<i>Robert Frost</i> 307
The House with Nobody in It	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> 307
"Break, Break, Break"	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 309
The Last Leaf	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 309
The Earth and Man	<i>Stopford Augustus Brooke</i> 311
Opportunity	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 312
Opportunity	<i>Edward Rowland Sill</i> 312
Romance	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> 313
Barter	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 314
The Chambered Nautilus	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 315
The Port o' Heart's Desire	<i>John Steven McGroarty</i> 316
A Lost Chord	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i> 317
A Man's a Man for a' That	<i>Robert Burns</i> 318
"O Youth with Blossoms Laden"	<i>Arthur Wallace Peach</i> 320
Song	<i>Robert Loveman</i> 321
Song of the New World	<i>Angela Morgan</i> 321
"Awake! Awake!"	<i>John Ruskin</i> 323
The Vigil	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 324
"Hold Fast your Dreams"	<i>Louise Driscoll</i> 325
 STUDY HELPS	 327
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES	391
INDEX OF AUTHORS AND POEMS	421



"THEY HAD NO POET, AND THEY DIED." (PAGE XVII)

INTRODUCTORY POEM

"THEY HAD NO POET"

DON MARQUIS

By Tigris, or the streams of Ind,
Ere Colchis rose, or Babylon,
Forgotten 'empires dreamed or sinned,
Setting tall towns against the dawn,

Which, when the proud Sun smote upon,
Flashed fire for fire and pride for pride;
Their names were . . . Ask oblivion!
"They had no poet, and they died."

Queens, dusk of hair and tawny-skinned,
That loll where fellow leopards fawn,
Their hearts are dust before the wind,
Their loves, that shook the world, are wan!

Passion is mighty . . . But, anon,
Strong Death has Romance for his bride;
Their legends . . . Ask oblivion!
"They had no poet, and they died."

Heroes, the braggart trumps that dinned
Their futile triumphs, monarch, pawn,
Wild tribesmen, kingdoms disciplined,
Passed like a whirlwind and were gone;

They built with gold and bronze and brawn,
The inner Vision still denied ;
Their conquests . . . Ask oblivion !
 "They had no poet, and they died."

Dumb oracles, and priests withdrawn,
Was it but flesh they deified ?
Their gods were . . . Ask oblivion !
 "They had no poet, and they died."

POEMS OF YOUTH

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG



"SAINT LEON RAISED HIS KINDLING EYE,
AND LIFTED THE SPARKLING CUP ON HIGH." (PAGE 15)

A HOME SONG

HENRY VAN DYKE

I read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page :
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Yes, that is true, and something more :
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is truly home, and home-sweet-home :
For there the heart can rest.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR A HOUSE

HENRY VAN DYKE

The House

The cornerstone in Truth is laid,
The garden walls of Honor made,
The roof of Faith is built above,
The fire upon the hearth is Love ;
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house shall never fall.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

The Doorstead

The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride :
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside :
The doorband strong enough from robbers to defend :
This door will open at a touch to welcome every friend.

The Hearthstone

When the logs are burning free,
Then the fire is full of glee :
When each heart gives out its best,
Then the talk is full of zest :
Light your fire and never fear,
Life was made for love and cheer.

The Sun-Dial

Time can never take
What Time did not give ;
When my shadows have all passed,
You shall live.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

THE CHILD

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet ;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slightness, warmed mould ;
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him ;
He neither looked up nor spoke ;

I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an'
sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-
keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

¹From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1890-1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers —
 An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
 His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an'
 press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout:
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
 An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
 what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away, —

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

A NEW POET

WILLIAM CANTON

I write. He sits beside my chair,
 And scribbles, too, in hushed delight;
 He dips his pen in charmèd air:
 What is it he pretends to write?

He toils and toils; the paper gives
 No clue to aught he thinks. What then?
 His little heart is glad; he lives
 The poems that he cannot pen.

Strange fancies throng that baby brain.
 What grave, sweet looks! What earnest eyes!
 He stops — reflects — and now again
 His unrecording pen he plies.

It seems a satire on myself, —
 These dreamy nothings scrawled in air,
 This thought, this work! Oh tricky elf,
 Wouldst drive thy father to despair?

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Despair! Ah, no; the heart, the mind
Persists in hoping, — schemes and strives
That there may linger with our kind
Some memory of our little lives.

Beneath his rock in the early world
Smiling the naked hunter lay,
And sketched on horn the spear he hurled,
The urus which he made his prey.

Like him I strive in hope my rhymes
May keep my name a little while, —
O child, who knows how many times
We two have made the angels smile!

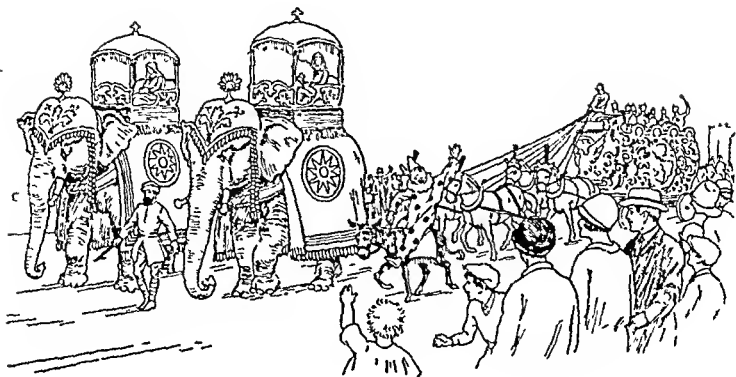
FROLIC

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ("A. E.")

The children were shouting together
And racing along the sands,
A glimmer of dancing shadows,
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon:
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the selfsame tune.

The whole of the world was merry,
One joy from the world to the height,
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled
The lovely lawns of the light.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Oh, the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
 And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
 As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
 Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
 And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
 And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white
 and blue,
 And crimson, gold, and purple, nodding by at me and you,

¹ From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1890-1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Waved the banners that they bore, as the Knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that
they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

HOLY THURSDAY

WILLIAM BLAKE

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green;
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as
snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

"THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND" 13

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!

Seated in companies, they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

"THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND"

ROSE FYLEMAN

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by;
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower,
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began,
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long,
And yet it is ever the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Saint Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood,
 Thus lightly to another ;
 Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that name the reverence due,
 And gently said — "My Mother!"

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS

THOMAS O'HAGAN

O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother sings
 As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings!
 Every note is charged with memory — every memory bright
 with rays
 Of the golden hour of promise in the lap of childhood's days.
 The orchard blooms anew, and each blossom scents the way,
 And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown
 hay ;
 While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
 All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care,
 It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in notes of prayer ;
 It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are
 to be,

And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea ;
 It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
 And is starred with ripest blessing through a mother's sacred
 love.

O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,
 As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings.

MARGERY MAKETH THE TEA

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat ;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

She *the*
The firelight dances up on the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

ROMANCE

WILLIAM J. TURNER

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatepetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
The town streets, to and fro —
Shining Popocatepetl
Gleamed with his cap of snow.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my breath away :

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower —
O shining Popocatepetl,
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,
They had stolen my soul away!

AN ANCIENT TOAST

(Author unknown)

[At a festal gathering in the age of chivalry each of the knights, except Saint Leon, had pledged his lady fair, and now it was his turn to speak.]

Saint Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifted the sparkling cup on high,
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead ;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true ;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more strongly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye ;
And Stanley said : "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

But yet I hold the rarest
The farmyard Chanticleer.

*Red cock or black cock,
Gold cock or white,
The flower of all the feathered flock;
He whistles back the light!*

THE STOWAWAY CAT

LOUELLA C. POOLE

[On the R-34 a stowaway cat, Wopsey, was discovered. For good luck one of the crew had smuggled it on board the mighty airship.]

O brave little airship stowaway,
"A cat may look at a king," they say,
But never, since time began,
Has one of your tribe been bold to dare
Gaze on a conqueror of the air —
On more than a kingly man!

Oh, what a journey 'twixt worlds was that
In the company of near-gods, little cat,
High in the ether's chill!
Many the hearts that envy you
That awesome voyage over the blue —
Its terror, its glory, its thrill!

Did you, perhaps, know a feeling of fear,
Mysterious, bold little charioteer,
High in that terrible place?

Or, being one of that company brave,
Mayhap of their courage to you they gave,
Traveling high in space!

Oh, never before since time began
Has a cat been honored thus by man,
On such a voyage to fare!
A privilege rare was your terrible flight
Through sun and fog and the inky night,
To share in the conquest of the air!

FOR BOB: A DOG

In Memoriam

DAVID MORTON

You, who would never leave us to our sleeping,
But ever nosed us out of bed to play,
How can we ever think of you as keeping
So strangely still, as stirless as the clay?
We cannot think you dead to games and laughter;
Surely in some bright place beyond the sun,
Girls race and play, and you go racing after,
And lie across their feet when games are done.

Who knows, but in our separate times and places
When we have slept the last, last sleep away,
You yet may come, your nose against our faces,
And wake us to our bright immortal play. . . .
And if you startle us with rude surprise,
You'll beg — and win — forgiveness with those eyes.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

ARMENIAN SONG

ANNE STODDARD

When my parents died, they left me little —
Only a pair of red shoes and a song.
My father gave me the shoes,
But the song is from my mother.
I always see white pigeons circling
When I sing the song;
And my mother standing in the fields of millet
With a sickle in her hand.
She wears a blue bodice with silver buttons,
And the song she sings
Is of her own making.
I think it is the voice of her heart, crying to me,
Though the words are about the pigeons.

Sometimes my red shoes tempt me
And urge my feet into strange paths;
But I never listen to them
Because of the song —
The song which is my mother's love.

CHANTICLEER

KATHARINE TYNAN

Of all the birds from East to West
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

CHANTICLEER

*Gold plume and copper plume
Comb of scarlet gay;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day!*

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold!
He calls through creeping mist
The mountains from the night and cold
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,
He calls the flowers to rise;
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

*Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay;
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day!*

Black fear he sends it flying,
Black care he drives afar;
And creeping shadows sighing
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest
Have dear and pleasant cheer,

THE JOY OF WORK



"I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOUGHING" (PAGE 25)

"I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOUGHING"

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the flowering sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father (a-reaping)
To the (brown) field by the sea)
And the (geese) and the (crows) and the (children)
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the (weary reapers)
With the (wren) in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe-song
That joys for the harvest done.

THE JOY OF WORK

"WHAT DO WE PLANT?"

HENRY ABBEY

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.


What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

COROMANDEL FISHERS

SAROJINI NAIDU

Rise, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray to the morning
light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that
has cried all night.



Come, let us gather our nets from the shore, and set our *calamarians* free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the sons
of the sea.

No longer delay. Let us hasten away in the track of the sea-
gull's call,

The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are
our comrades all.

What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of
the sea-god drives?

He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the
mango grove,

And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound
of the voices we love.

But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of
the wild foam's glee:

Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge, where the low
sky mates with the sea.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

The sheep are coming home in Greece,

Hark the bells on every hill!

Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,

Wandering wide a little piece

Through the evening red and still,

Stopping where the pathways cease,

Cropping with a hurried will.

THE JOY OF WORK

Through the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

THE OX-TAMER

WALT WHITMAN

In a far-away northern country in the placid pastoral region,
Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous
tamer of oxen,
There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-
olds to break them.
He will take the wildest steer in the world and break him and
tame him,
He will go fearless without any whip where the young bullock
chafes up and down the yard,
The bullock's head tosses restless high in the air with raging
eyes,

'et see you! how soon his rage subsides — how soon this
 tamer tames him;
 ee you! some are such beautiful animals, so lofty looking;
 some are buff-colored, some mottled, one has a white line
 running along his back, some are brindled,
 some have wide flaring horns (a good sign) — see you! the
 bright hides,
 ee, the two with stars on their foreheads — see, the round
 bodies and broad backs,
 low straight and square they stand on their legs — what fine
 sagacious eyes!
 low they watch their tamer — they wish him near them —
 how they turn to look after him!
 What yearning expression! how uneasy they are when he
 moves away from them;
 low I marvel what it can be he appears to them, (books,
 politics, poems, depart — all else departs,)
 confess I envy only his fascination — my silent, illiterate
 friend,
 Whom a hundred oxen love there in his life on farms,
 n the northern country far, in the placid pastoral region.

THE SHOE FACTORY

Song of the Knot Tier f

RUTH HARWOOD

They told me . .
 When I came
 That this would be drudgery,
 Always the same

THE JOY OF WORK

Things over and over,
Day after day —
The same swift movement
In the same small way.

Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied.

Take off,
Cut,
And put
It aside.

Over and over,
In rhythmical beat —
Some say it is drudgery,
But to me it is sweet.

Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied.

Outdoors
The sky
Is so blue
And so wide!

It's-a joyous song
Going steadily on,
Marching in measures
Till the day is gone.

*Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied.
Soon end
Of day
Will bring him
To my side.*

Oh, I love the measures
Singing so fast,
Speeding happy hours
Till he comes at last!

IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL

DAVID MORTON

These walls will not forget, through later days,
How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing heads
Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered ways,
Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.
They will remember laughter down a hall,
And eyes more bright than blossoms in the grass —
A dream to haunt them, after all and all,
When they are dead with dusty things that pass.
So that some wind of beauty, waking then,
Whose breath shall be new summertimes for earth,
Will stir these scattered stones to dreams again,
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and mirth,
And corridors, like windy tulip beds,
Of swaying girls and lifted, tossing heads.



BRIDGE BUILDERS

EVELYN SIMMS

They have builded magnificent bridges
Where the nation's highways go;
O'er perilous mountain ridges
And where great rivers flow.
Wherever a link was needed between the new and the known,
They have left their marks of Progress, in iron and steel and
stone.

There was never a land too distant,
Nor ever a way too wide,
But some man's mind, insistent,
Reached out to the other side.
They cleared the way, those heroes, for the march of future
years.
The march was Civilization — and they were its Pioneers.

And what had gone to the making?
Courage and sacrifice,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
For the Right at any price;
Comradeship, caring nothing for riches or rank or birth,
For builders like these build only with things of eternal worth.

TO A POST-OFFICE INKWELL

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

How many humble hearts have dipped
In you, and scrawled their manuscript!
Have shared their secrets, told their cares,
Their curious and quaint affairs!

Your pool of ink, your scratchy pen,
Have moved the lives of unborn men,
And watched young people, breathing hard,
Put Heaven on a postal card.

POSTMEN

VIRNA SHEARD

I like postmen.
They are the winged Mercurys of our streets,
Though they may not realize it.
They only realize they carry letters —
Of different kinds.
Just letters — letters.
But they know the different kinds,
By intuition,
Or something.

I like postmen. You don't have to explain to them.

They understand.

They are gifted that way. Dowered mysteriously.

If you are looking madly for a letter,

They know. Without being told.

If they don't bring it, their eyes say, "Sorry";

And their husky voices (usually husky; it's the weather)

Say, "There's another mail from the East;

Or West" — as it may be, for they know —

"To-day."

If they bring the letter — they smile in a priceless way.

It is as though one of the Fates smiled at you.

I like postmen, their unruffled spirit.

They make so few mistakes,

Even when the writing seems to have been done

With a whisk.

They are wise, these men of letters—

Graduates of the School of Humanity.

One I know has a limp.

Hill 70.

He has four medals that he keeps in a box.

I like postmen.

Their weather-beaten faces, when they grow old;

Their understanding eyes.

They just appear — and disappear — without any fuss.

Sometimes — like the Angels on the hill — they bring
Tidings of great joy.

Always they are the last link between ourselves
And our own who are away.
They are the winged Mercurys of the dull town,
Though they may not know it.
I like postmen.

THE OVERLAND MAIL

(Foot-service to the Hills)

RUDYARD KIPLING

In the Name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
The woods are astir at the close of the day —
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat — let the tiger turn tail —
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill —
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office bill; —
“Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to him?
The service admits not a “but” or an “if.”
While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny, brown chest.
From rail to ravine — to the peak from the vale —
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road —
A jingle of bells on the footpath below —
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode —
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail: —
"In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

SHOPS

WINIFRED M. LETTS

I like the people who keep shops,
Busy and cheerful folk with friendly faces.
They handle lovely things — bulbs, seed and flowers,
China and glass and gay-backed magazines,
Velvet and satin, foreign silks and laces.

One keeps a stall that's good to see,
Of nuts and fruits the morning sunlight dapples,
With dewy green things fresh from country gardens,
Tomatoes, bloomy plums and figs in baskets,
Melons and pears and red or russet apples.

The iron-monger charms me, too,
With wholesome things of house and ground for selling,

Rakes, hoes and spades, tin ware and tacks and hammers,
And shining lamps that wait for kindling fingers,
A pleasant place for converse, good, clean-smelling.

To serve us seems their only aim,
Asking our wishes, quick to crave our pardon,
And yet I know in each of these shop people
There dwells a soul withdrawn from us, elusive,
The shop can never know — a secret garden.

How can we guess who see them so,
Behind their counters, writing down our orders,
The hidden glades of thought, the fair surprises
That lie without our reach, the blue horizons
Stretching for them beyond their peaceful borders?

THE TICKET AGENT

EDMUND LEAMY

Like any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,

He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

1. quick & efficient

THE JOY OF WORK

For listening you'll hear him say
"... and then to Aden and Bombay ..."

Or "... 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains — Home..."

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets — nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it — work!

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

All day she sits behind a bright brass rail
Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring
Far places near; high-colored words that sing,
"The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's Vale,"
Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
"Sevilla or Fiesole in spring,
Through the fiords in June." Her words take wing.
She is the minstrel of the great out-trail.

At half past five she puts her maps away,
Pins on a gray, meek hat, and braves the sleet,
A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
The house that harbors her in a gray street,
The close, sequestered colorless retreat
Where she was born, where she will always stay.

AN OLD LOVER

DAVID MORTON

Whenever he would talk to us of ships,
Old schooners lost, or tall ships under weigh,
The god of speech was neighbour to his lips,
A lover's grace on words he loved to say.
He called them by their names, and you could see
Spars in the sun, keels, and their curling foam;
And all his mind was like a morning quay
Of ships gone out, and ships come gladly home.

He filled the bay with sails we had not seen :
The *Marguerita L.*, "a maid for shape,"
The slender *Kay*, the worthy *Island Queen*, —
That was his own, he lost her off the Cape,
"She was a ship" — and then he looked away,
And talked to us no more of ships that day.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North ;

All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth ;

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,

For every life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared ;

But every tack we made brought the North Head close aboard ;

So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,

And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam ;

The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home ;

The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out ;

And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer ;

For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)

This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,

And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,

My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair ;

And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,

Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,

Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea ;

And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,

To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

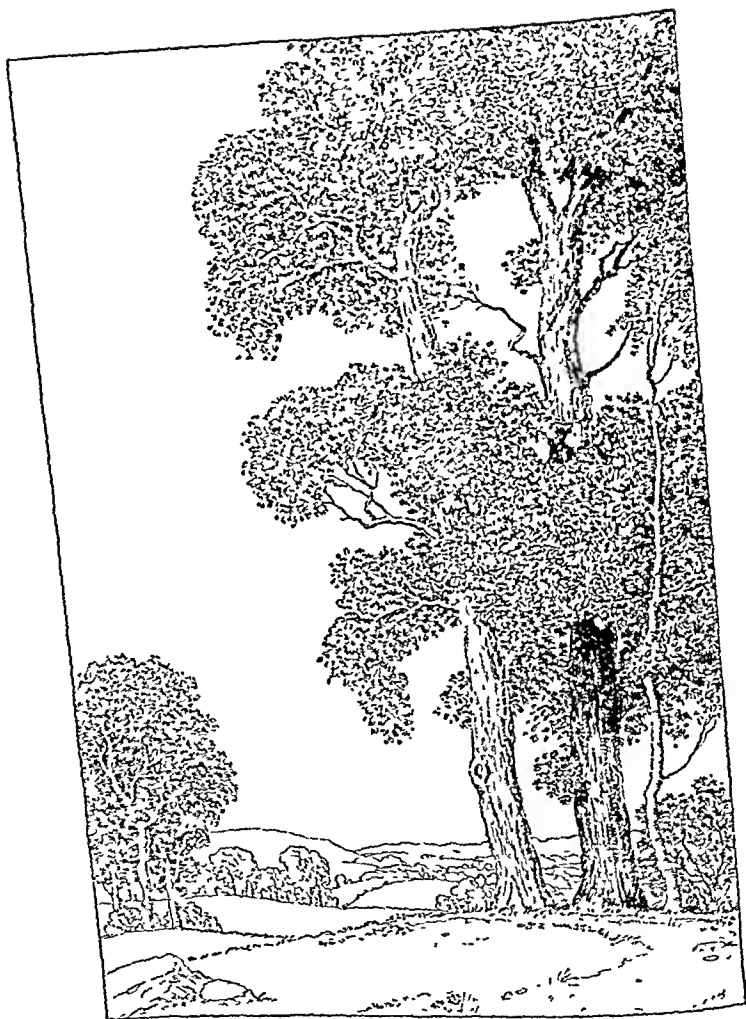
They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson,
cried.
"It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward, just as though she understood.

As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea ;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing
old.

THE MAGIC WORLD



"AND FROM THE PRIMER OF THE WOOD
I SPELL THAT LIFE AND LOVE ARE GOOD." (PAGE 62)

"I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY"

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand —
So what could I do but laugh and go?

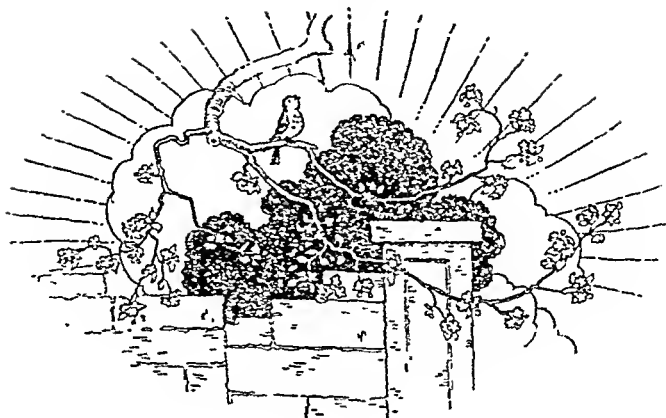
THE MAKING OF BIRDS

KATHARINE TYNAN

God made Him birds in a pleasant humour;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said, "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creatures banished from Me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling,
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin; He made the swallow;
His deft hands moulding the shape to His mood,



JOY OF THE MORNING

EDWIN MARKHAM

I hear you, little bird,
Shouting aswing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet ; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood :
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word :
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white, still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart,
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then —
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up — when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring! —
Mother she'd raised the winder some —
And in acrost the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent —
The sun burst forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sang, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

Ah! the May was grand this mornin'
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed their kisses to the
breeze?

¹From "Neighborly Poems," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1897-1925. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The thrush and lark and the finch to follow,
And laughed to see that His work was good.

He who has given men gift of laughter,
Made in His image; He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork thereafter,
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and fancies;
The wing-feathers He fashioned them strong;
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," He said, "make songs for my praises!"
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;
He taught them to build a nest to their mind

The dear Lord God of His glories weary —
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy —
Made Him birds in a moment merry,
Bade them soar and sing for His joy.

"HARK TO THE MERRY BIRDS"

ROBERT BRIDGES

Hark to the merry birds, hark how they sing!
Although 'tis not yet spring
And keen the air;
Hale Winter, half resigning ere he go,
Doth to his heiress shew
His kingdom fair.

In patient russet is his forest spread,
All bright with bramble red,
With beechen moss
And holly sheen : the oak silver and stark
Sunneth his aged bark
And wrinkled boss.

But neath the ruin of the withered brake
Primroses now awake
From nursing shades :
The crumpled carpet of the dry leaves brown
Avails not to keep down
The hyacinth blades.

The hazel hath put forth his tassels ruffed ;
The willow's flossy tuft
Hath slipped him free :
The rose amid her ransacked orange hips
Braggeth the tender tips
Of bowers yet to be.

A black rook stirs the branches here and there,
Foraging to repair
His broken home :
And hark, on the ash-boughs ! Never thrush did sing
Louder in praise of spring,
When spring is come.

Could an Irish heart be quiet
 While the Spring was runnin' riot,
 An' the birds of free America were singin' in the trees?
 In the songs that they were singin'
 No familiar note was ringin',
 But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled like a lad.
 Oh, my heart was warm to love them
 For the very newness of them —
 For the ould songs that they helped me to forget — an' I was
 glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
 To my hungry heart's desire,
 An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy my own.
 Till a new note sounded, stillin'
 All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!
 Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about Athlone!
 Where, upon the whitethorn swayin',
 He was minstrel of the Mayin',
 In my days of love and laughter that the years have laid at rest;
 Here again his notes were ringin'!
 But I'd lost the heart for singin' —
 Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I knew the best.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

HENRY VAN DYKE

When May bedecks the naked trees
 With tassels and embroideries,
 And many blue-eyed violets beam
 Along the edges of the stream,

I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
 "Witchery — witchery — witchery."

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene :
There's magic in that small bird's note —
See, there he flits — the Yellow-throat ;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
 "Witchery — witchery — witchery."

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows :
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try to call her down this way,
 "Witchery — witchery — witchery !"

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
 "Witchery — witchery — witchery !"

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed ;
The waters babble as they run —
One thing is lacking, only one :

THE MAGIC WORLD

If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
 "*Witchery — witchery — witchery !*"

Along the shady road I look —
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white —
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet —
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
 "*Witchery — witchery — witchery !*"

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling.
Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying;
Here among rooks and roses,
Why is the sea-gull flying?

THE PARROTS¹

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Somewhere, somewhere I've seen,
But where or when I'll never know,
Three parrots of shrill green
With crests of shriller scarlet flying
Out of black cedars as the sun was dying
Against cold peaks of snow.

From what forgotten life
Of other worlds I cannot tell
Flashes that screeching strife:
Yet the shrill color and the strident crying
Sing through my blood and set my heart replying
And jangling like a bell.

¹ From Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Neighbours." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

THE MAGIC WORLD

TREE-TOAD

HILDA CONKLING

Tree-toad is a small gray person
With a silver voice.
Tree-toad is a leaf-gray shadow
That sings.
Tree-toad is never seen
Unless a star squeezes through the leaves,
Or a moth looks sharply at a gray branch.
How would it be, I wonder,
To sing patiently all night,
Never thinking that people are asleep?
Raindrops and mist, starriness over the trees,
The moon, the dew, the other little singers,
Cricket . . . toad . . . leaf rustling . . .
They would listen :
It would be music like weather
That gets into all the corners
Of out-of-doors.

Every night I see little shadows
I never saw before.
Every night I hear little voices
I never heard before.
When night comes trailing her starry cloak,
I start out for slumberland,
With tree-toads calling along the roadside.
*Good-night, I say to one, Good-by, I say to another ;
I hope to find you on the way
We have traveled before!
I hope to hear you singing on the Road of Dreams!*

THE SNARE¹

JAMES STEPHENS

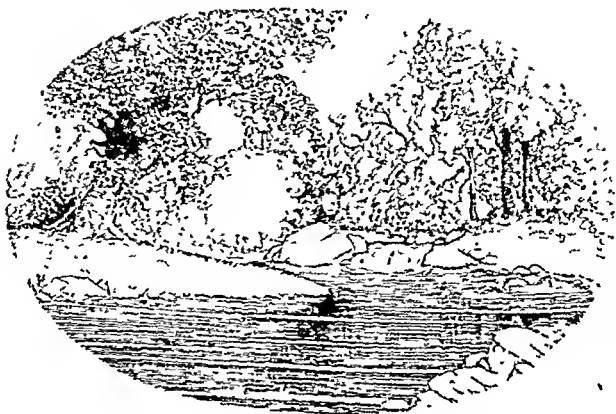
I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid;
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere.

¹ From James Stephens's "Songs from the Clay." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.



THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;

THE MAGIC WORLD

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

WILD ROSES

BETH CHENEY NICHOLS

Two lines of blushing roses go dancing down the lane,
But stop in wild confusion before the shining sea;
They tiptoe to the sunbeams and bow before the rain,
And every rose is dancing across the heart of me.

They throw their petal-kisses to zephyrs passing by,
And flirt in fragrant whispers with every nodding tree;
But when the stars are dancing across the silver sky,
Two lines of pink wild roses are making dreams for me.

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THE MAGIC WORLD

THE LENT LILY

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil,

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

THE PETRIFIED FERN

MARY BOLLES BRANCH

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the changes! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers, clear and fine.
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

A B C'S IN GREEN

LEONORA SPEYER

The trees are God's great alphabet:
With them He writes in shining green
Across the world His thoughts serene.
He scribbles poems against the sky
With a gay, leafy lettering,
For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,
And every star and bird
Repeats in dutiful delight His word,
And every blade of grass
Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
I stand at summer's knees,
And from the primer of the wood
I spell that life and love are good,
I learn to read.

TREES

BLISS CARMAN

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod —

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face :

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,

{ The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
{ The sweeping elm by the river line ;

{ Trees for the birds to build and sing,
{ And the lilac tree for a joy in spring ;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall ;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade ;

{ Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
{ The keel and the mast of the daring sail —

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the Soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promise-glory,

And the mavis pipes his story

In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby-white,

Just to touch them a delight!

In-the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,

And the silver brooklets brawling,

And the cuckoo bird is calling

In the spring!

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring?

In the spring?

In an English apple-country in the spring?

When the bride and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair :
Apple blossoms everywhere,
In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring!
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

THE APPLE-TREE

NANCY CAMPBELL

I saw the archangels in my apple-tree last night,
I saw them like great birds in the starlight —
Purple and burning blue, crimson and shining white.

And each to each they tossed an apple to and fro,
And once I heard their laughter gay and low ;
And yet I felt no wonder that it should be so.

But when the apple came one time to Michael's lap
I heard him say : "The mysteries that enwrap
The earth and fill the heavens can be read here, mayhap."

Then Gabriel spoke : "I praise the seed, the hidden thing."
"The beauty of the blossom of the spring
I praise," cried Raphael. Uriel : "The wise leaves I sing."

And Michael : "I will praise the fruit, perfected, round,
Full of the love of God, herein being bound
His mercies gathered from the sun and rain and ground."

So sang they till a small wind through the branches stirred,
And spoke of coming dawn ; and at the word
Each fled away to heaven, winged like a bird.

FOUR TREES

MILDRED FOCHT

At the corners of my house
I will have four trees ;
They will lay their arms about,
Evil creatures keeping out ;
I will have no dread nor doubt
In the care of these.

I will choose a maple tree
For its magic ways :
Tufted coral in the spring,
Then a green pavilioning,
And a mystic golden thing
In the autumn days ;

And a tall horse-chestnut tree
From my childhood's town,
With its cones of creamy bloom,
Candles lit in leafy gloom,
Which for glossy fruit make room,
Quaintly marked and brown ;

And of course an apple-tree
Just for happiness ;
For its clouds of pink and white,
And its breath of pure delight,
And its rosy cheeks to bite
With a sharp caress ;

And a poplar tree that knows
All the ancient pain ;
Bringing comfort with a sigh
And a song to slumber by,
As it whispers soft and shy
In a voice of rain.

At the corners of my house
I will have four trees :
They will guard me night and day,
Keeping evil things away ;
To the saints I need not pray —
I am safe with these.

FAMILY TREES

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

You boast about your ancient line,
But listen, stranger, unto mine :

You trace your lineage afar,
Back to the heroes of a war
Fought that a country might be free ;
Yea, farther — to a stormy sea
Where winter's angry billows tossed,
O'er which your Pilgrim Fathers crossed.

Nay, more — through yellow, dusty tomes
You trace your name to English homes
Before the distant, unknown West
Lay open to a world's behest ;
Yea, back to days of those Crusades
When Turk and Christian crossed their blades,
You point with pride to ancient names,
To powdered sires and painted dames ;
You boast of this — your family tree ;
Now listen, stranger, unto me :

When armored knights and gallant squires,
Your own belovèd, honored sires,
Were in their infants' blankets rolled,
My fathers' youngest sons were old ;
When they broke forth in infant tears
My fathers' heads were crowned with years ;
Yea, ere the mighty Saxon host
Of which you sing had touched the coast,
My fathers, with time-furrowed brow,
Looked back as far as you look now,
Yea, when the Druids trod the wood,
My venerable fathers stood
And gazed through misty centuries
As far as even Memory sees.
When Britain's eldest first beheld
The light, my fathers then were eld.
You of the splendid ancestry,
Who boast about your family tree,

Consider, stranger, this of mine —
Bethink the lineage of a Pine.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

SIDNEY LANIER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last
When out of the woods He came.

THE STARRY HOST

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

The countless stars, which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,

And like a flock of birds still onward fly ;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win infinity.

Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What Power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What Beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that, for them, to be is to advance?

FROM FAR AWAY



"THEY WAVE THEIR FANS COQUETTISH,
THEIR BLACK EYES GLEAM AND GLOW." (PAGE 86)

A WANDERER'S SONG¹

JOHN MASEFIELD

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh I'm tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For the wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

¹ From John Masefield's "Salt-Water Ballads." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin ; —
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan ;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room ;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals ;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

THE CHILD AND THE MARINER

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

. . . This sailor knows of wondrous lands afar,
More rich than Spain, when the Phœnicians shipped
Silver for common ballast, and they saw
Horses at silver mangers eating grain ;
This man has seen the wind blow up a mermaid's hair
Which, like a golden serpent, reared and stretched
To feel the air away beyond her head. . . .
He many a tale of wonder told : of where,
At Argostoli, Cephalonia's sea
Ran over the earth's lip in heavy floods ;

And then again of how the strange Chinese
Conversed much as our homely blackbirds sing.
He told us how he sailed in one old ship
Near that volcano Martinique, whose power
Shook like dry leaves the whole Caribbean seas;
And made the Sun set in a sea of fire
Which only half was his; and dust was thick
On deck, and stones were pelted at the mast. . . .
He told how isles sprang up and sank again,
Between short voyages, to his amaze;
How they did come and go, and cheated charts;
Told how a crew was cursed when one man killed
A bird that perched upon a moving barque;
And how the sea's sharp needles, firm and strong,
Ripped open the bellies of big, iron ships;
Of mighty icebergs in the Northern seas,
That haunt the far horizon like white ghosts.
He told of waves that lift a ship so high
That birds could pass from starboard unto port
Under her dripping keel.

Oh, it was sweet

To hear that seaman tell such wondrous tales. . . .

THE LAST BUCCANEER

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship without a
name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

"Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?"

"From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no line can
sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below our bark dies the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep with a heavy moaning, sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore."

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride
In the breadth of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now flies fast,
Through the seas of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.



THE SONG OF THE BOW

by ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

What of the bow?

The bow was made in England :
 Of true wood, of yew wood,
 The wood of English bows ;
 So men who are free
 Love the old yew-tree
 And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England :
 A rough cord, a tough cord,
 A cord that bowmen love ;
 And so we will sing
 Of the hempen string
 And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England :
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true ;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose-feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark?

Ah, seek it not in England :
A bold mark, our old mark,
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England :
The bowmen — the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you — and to you !
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

GOING UP TO LONDON

NANCY BYRD TURNER

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say —
Going up to London,
In such a casual way!

FROM FAR AWAY

(He turned the magic phrase)
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
(Shall take to London town.)

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;
Count them on my finger-tips
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome,
And a roof of gold,

And a latticed window high,
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool —
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge —
London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footman falling back a space; —
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the King!
If I met the King himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes traveling up
So light to London Town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng,
(Traveling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),

I'll hurry fast to London gate,
(The way was long, and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song —
Some old rhyme of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,
Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream,
And waked and found it true!
Sing, you rhymes, and ring, you chimes
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SHOE

ALFRED NOYES

A cobbler lived in Canterbury
— He is dead now, poor soul! —
He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
Nodding and smiling at everyone;
For St. Hugh makes all good cobblers merry,
And often he sang as the pilgrims passed,
“I can hammer a soldier's boot,
And daintily glove a dainty foot.

Many a sandal from my hand
Has walked the road to Holy Land.
Knights may fight for me, priests may pray for me,
Pilgrims walk the pilgrim's way for me,
I have a work in the world to do!
— *Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,*
 To good St. Hugh! —
The cobbler must stick to his last."

And anon he would cry
"Kit! Kit! Kit!" to his little son,
"Look at the pilgrims riding by!
Dance down, hop down, after them, run!"
Then, like an unfledged linnet, out
Would tumble the brave little lad,
With a piping shout, —
"O, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
Priest and prioress, abbot and friar,
Soldier and seaman, knight and squire!
How many countries have they seen?
Is there a king there, is there a queen?
Dad, one day,
Thou and I must ride like this,
All along the Pilgrim's Way,
By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
El Dorado and Cathay,
London and Persepolis,
All the way to the Holy Land!"

Then shaking his head as if he knew,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe*,
Touched by the glow of the setting sun,

While the pilgrims passed,
 The little cobbler would laugh and say :
 "When you are old you will understand
 'Tis a very long way
 To Samarcand !
 Why, largely to exaggerate
 Befits not men of small estate,
 But — I should say, yes, I should say,
 'Tis a hundred miles from where you stand ;
 And a hundred more, my little son,
 A hundred more, to Holy Land ! . . .
 I have a work in the world to do !
 — *Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,*
 To good St. Hugh ! —
 The cobbler must stick to his last."

SPANISH WATERS¹

JOHN MASEFIELD

Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
 Like a slow sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten years ;
 Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thoughts
 to me

Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be.

There's a surf breaks on Los Muertos, and it never stops to roar,
 And it's there we came to anchor, and it's there we went ashore,
 Where the blue lagoon is silent amid snags of rotting trees,
 Dropping like the clothes of corpses cast up by the seas.

¹ From John Masefield's "The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems."
 Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

We anchored at Los Muertos when the dipping sun was red,
We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west of Nigger Head;
And before the mist was on the Cay, before the day was done,
We were all ashore on Muertos with the gold that we had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a half-score battered chests,
Sinking, in the sucking quagmires to the sunburn on our
breasts,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, damning at the flies and
heat,
Longing for a long drink, out of silver, in the ship's cool laz-
areet.

The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
There was gear there'd make a beggarman as rich as Lima
Town,
Copper charms and silver trinkets from the chests of Spanish
crews,
Gold doubloons and double moydores, louis d'ors and por-
tagues,

Clumsy yellow-metal earrings from the Indians of Brazil,
Uncut emeralds out of Rio, bezoar stones from Guayaquil;
Silver, in the crude and fashioned, pots of old Arica bronze,
Jewels from the bones of Incas desecrated by the Dons.

We smoothed the place with mattocks, and we took and blazed
the tree,
Which marks yon where the gear is hid that none will ever see,
And we laid aboard the ship again, and south away we steers,
Through the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in
my ears.

I'm the last alive that knows it. All the rest have gone their ways
 Killed, or died, or come to anchor in the old Mulatas Cays,
 And I go singing, fiddling, old and starved and in despair,
 And I know where all that gold is hid, if I were only there.

It's not the way to end it all. I'm old, and nearly blind,
 And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his
 mind.

And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach, the sun's disc dipping red,
 And the tall ship, under topsails, swaying in past Nigger Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad to take a pick and go
 To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in the place no others know,
 And lift the gold and silver that has mouldered there for years
 By the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my ears.

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

The ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the air,
 They loop their lace mantillas, a red rose in their hair;
 Upon the road Delicias their little horses run,
 And tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go every one.

Beside the Guadalquiver, by orange-scented way,
 The ladies of Sevilla they come at cool of day;
 They wave their fans coquettish, their black eyes gleam and glow,
 And all their little carriage bells a-jingle, jingle go.

There, too, the caballeros drive in the scented breeze,
 Upon the road Delicias among the flowering trees;
 Beneath their brown sombreros their dark eyes flame and flash,
 And all their little horses' bells right merrily they crash.

Beside the Guadalquiver the hours are very fair,
The nightingale is tuning upon the scented air;
O laughing Andalusia, beloved of the sun,
Your merry, merry little bells, they call me every one.

AMBER FROM EGYPT

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

Caught in this chain of amber lies
The sunlight of Egyptian skies!

The polished globes as warmly shine,
As spiced and honey-colored wine.

Or circlet of Saharan stars
Bartered for dawn in night's bazaars.

A hoarded flash of Pharaoh's gold
These threaded moons of amber hold,

And as I lift the precious strand,
I grasp all Cairo in my hand.

Bead against bead clear tinkling, tells
A distant tale of camel bells,

And click of donkeys' tiny feet
On the low-arched and latticed street.

Caught in this chain of amber lies
The sunshine of Egyptian skies!

FROM FAR AWAY

A TURKISH LEGEND

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, "Only God is great."

So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore, from the high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust,

And all is ruin, — save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, "Only God is great."

TARTARY

WALTER DE LA MARE

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court would peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray ;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be —
And clustered thick as seeds ;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale !
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale !
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale !

ALOHA

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

I know a little island
Set in the summer sea,
Wave washed and green and mossy
As green can be.

Great joys are in the offing;
And always day and night,
Putting into the harbor,
Is some delight.

Around it sail great sorrows;
So far it is from care
That only fleets of laughter
May anchor there.

And only strong fair faces
Pass always to and fro;
As in a place enchanted
They come and go.

Once came a green sea-serpent,
The island people say,
And in their warmth of welcome
Basked for a day:

Basked — and with venom sweetened,
Fled from that holy ground,
Dyeing the seas with envy
For miles around:

With envy of the people
Who worship lovely things,
Such as in eld were worshipped
By queens and kings.

Stay, lovely little island,
Still in the summer sea,
Wave-washed and green and mossy
As green can be!

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

PETER GRAY WOLF

I remember a white, curving beach and upon it the swell of the sea.
It runs from a cliff to a cliff, each topped with a wind-battered tree.
There are grottos and caves in the rocks, where the sea goes
a-seeking —

There the wild storms whistle their way with a clamor and
shrieking;

But on days when the sea is at rest, the dim caves are all filled
with the tide —

Cool, green waters at play in the dark where cuttlefish hover
and hide.

We would lie on the beach in the sun and watch the long pass-
ing of day,

As the gulls winged by overhead, and the sea creatures leaped
in their play,

Or we marked the dark smother of storm and shouted with
innocent glee

As we raced tall combers that flung up the beach and went out
in white foam on the sea.

There were cool, starry nights when I slept on the sand as the
fire at my feet burned low
While the salt-flavored breath of the sea entered into my sleep
in its flow —
I still dream of that white, curving beach and upon it the spell
of the sea.
It runs from a cliff to a cliff, each topped with a wind-battered
tree.

THE HOMELAND

DANA BURNET

My land was the west land ; my home was on the hill.
I never think of my land but it makes my heart to thrill ;
I never smell the west wind that blows the golden skies,
But old desire is in my feet and dreams are in my eyes.

My home crowned the high land ; it had a stately grace.
I never think of my land but I see my mother's face ;
I never smell the west wind that blows the silver ships,
But old delight is in my heart and mirth is on my lips.

My land was a high land ; my home was near the skies.
I never think of my land but a light is in my eyes ;
I never smell the west land that blows the summer rain,—
But I am at my mother's knee, a little lad again.

THE CYCLE OF TIME



"NOW THE LITTLE RIVERS GO
MUFFLED SAFELY UNDER SNOW." (PAGE 113)

SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

THE MONTHS

SARA COLERIDGE

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.
March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.
Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots and gilly-flowers.

THE CYCLE OF TIME

August brings the sheaves of corn,
 Then the harvest home is borne.
 Warm September brings the fruit;
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot.
 Brown October brings the pheasant,
 Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
 Dull November brings the blast —
 Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.
 Cold December brings the sleet,
 Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

CANDLEMAS¹

ALICE BROWN

O hearken, all ye little weeds
 That lie beneath the snow,
 (So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
 The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
 A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
 Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
 Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream
 On winter's drowsy breast,
 (How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
 Arise and follow where a gleam
 Of wizard gold upbinds the stream,
 And all the woodland windings seem
 With sweet expectance blest.

¹ From Alice Brown's "The Road to Castaly and Later Poems." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky
Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
The tawny, shining coat!

FEBRUARY SPEAKS

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

Lo, here am I — the least beloved of all;
The coldest month; the month most hard to bear;
Lacking the splendor of the golden fall;
Lacking the verdure of the summer fair.
Keen is my breath. With icy glance I glare
On silent rill, and meadow wrapped in snow.
What wonder now if people everywhere
Are glad not when I come but when I go!
And yet no other month in all the train
Brings you my gifts. Perhaps not leaf and vine —
But who would lose from out this life of pain
The sweet suggestions of St. Valentine?
And who would slight the memories that twine
Around the two great anniversaries
Of Washington and Lincoln? Yet, 'tis mine,
Despised of months, to bring you days like these!
And so, though well I know I may not boast
The skies of spring, or springtime's shining showers,
Nor start the chorus of the singing host
That fills with music all your leafy bowers,

THE CYCLE OF TIME

Have I not here a substitute for flowers
Although my snows may fall, my winds may sting?
Have I not something, too, of golden hours
In these, the rich remembrances, I bring?

THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

THOMAS HARDY

How do you know that the pilgrim track
Along the belting zodiac
Swept by the sun in his seeming rounds
Is traced by now to the Fishes' bounds
And into the Ram, when weeks of cloud
Have wrapt the sky in a clammy shroud,
And never as yet a tinct of spring
Has shown in the Earth's apparelling;
O vespering bird, how do you know,
How do you know?

How do you know, deep underground,
Hid in your bed from sight and sound,
Without a turn in temperature,
With weather life can scarce endure,
That light has won a fraction's strength,
And day put on some moments' length,
Whereof in merest rote will come,
Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb;
O crocus root, how do you know,
How do you know?

WRITTEN IN MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon :
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

"SPRING GOETH ALL IN WHITE"

ROBERT BRIDGES

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may :
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray :

THE CYCLE OF TIME

White butterflies in the air ;
 White daisies prank the ground :
 The cherry and hoary pear
 Scatter their snow around.

HARBINGERS

LOUELLA C. POOLE

These golden mornings, with the sun returning
 Upon his northward journey to set free,
 With kisses warm, and coaxing, tender yearning,
 The ice-imprisoned meadow, brook and tree!
 The noisy crows' and blue jays' raucous shouting
 In convocation in the elms and oaks ;
 The little catkins, for an early outing,
 Braving the chill, wrapped in their furry cloaks ;
 These star-bright nights, across the full moon whirling
 Stray clouds sent skurrying by old Boreas ; —
 By all these signs, with banners green unfurling
 And music gay, the Spring victorious
 Is swiftly coming, — now is on her way,
 While grim old Winter takes a holiday!

O happy robin, soon your song we'll hear,
 And in the swaying elm the oriole

Will hang a tiny cradle ; soon appear

Small, sweet, shy garden faces ; from his hole

The toad will hop to greet the Spring returning ;

Upon her altars fair the daffodils'

Bright lamps of purest gold will soon be burning,

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ARANA BHUPAL COL

And in the twilight dim the whippoorwill's
Clear voice be heard; the tuneful basso frog
His banjo loud will strum to serenade
The elfin sprites of wood and river bog!
O heart, be glad! The debt is almost paid
To churlish Winter! Laugh and dance and sing!
She's on her way! She's coming, darling Spring!

WHO CALLS?

FRANCES CLARKE

"Listen, children, listen, won't you come into the night?
The stars have set their candle gleam, the moon her lanthorn
light.

I'm piping little tunes for you to catch your dancing feet.
There's glory in the heavens, and there's magic in the street.


"There's jesting here and carnival: the cost of a balloon
Is an ancient rhyme said backwards, and a wish upon the
moon.

The city walls and city streets! — you shall make of these
As fair a thing as country roads and blossomy apple trees."

"What watchman calls us in the night, and plays a little tune
That turns our tongues to talking now of April, May, and
June?

Who bids us come with nimble feet and snapping finger tips?"

"I am the Spring, the Spring, the Spring, with laughter on
my lips."



THE CYCLE OF TIME

SPRING IN THE SUBWAY

ELSA GILL

In these dim corridors of shattering sound
Where there is neither real night nor day,
And naught to tell if skies be clear or gray
In the fair other world above the ground,
Except where, here and there, the sun has found
An opening to push in a pallid ray
Where glimmering silver showers of dust motes play:
What is there here to say that hills are crowned

With dewy splendor, and that fields are sweet
With April's store of blossoming delight?
And yet I knew 'twas so the moment that
A blue-eyed girl came tripping from the street
Bearing into the gloom a garland bright
Of cotton buttercups upon her hat.

SPRING SONG

BLISS CARMAN

Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
 Count my heart-beats one by one,
 Send them where the winters perish;
 Then some golden noon re cherish
 And restore them in the sun,
 Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
 With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
 Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
 Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
 Raucous challenge, wooings mellow —
 Every migrant is my fellow,
 Making northward with the Spring.
 Set me in the urge and tide-drift
 Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Only make me over, April,
 When the sap begins to stir!
 Make me man or make me woman,
 Make me oaf or ape or human,
 Cup of flower or cone of fir;
 Make me anything but neuter
 When the sap begins to stir!

SPRING SYMPHONY

DAVID FALLON

Dark melancholy months of Winter bleak are o'er;
 Bright days of pulsing life their joys outpour
 To glorify with bloom earth's dreary bier.
 Forgot is wintry gloom; glad Spring is here!

Buoyant, exultant, sings the radiant Sun :
"Awake, deep slumbering flowers, my reign's begun.
No longer fear the Ice King's chilling glance ;
Northward he's fled, nor dares to make advance
Lest golden darts should pierce his frozen heart.
Come, haste ; your loveliness to earth impart."
The hills lie greening in the glint of Spring ;
With songs of mating birds the woodlands ring.
Bold robin, flute-toned lark, and noisy jay
Trill, "Spring is come ; dull world must now be gay."
Spendthrifths of song, their ecstasy carefree
Floods listening earth with ceaseless melody.

There's music too of streams that seaward go
Bounding, impulsive, glad that men may know
How life and love can free a strength once chained.
Impassive snow a heart of fire has gained !
With gentlest sighs the zephyrs northward creep.
Shy, startled furry folk in wonder peep
From burrows hid 'neath shriveled stalks of weeds
Whose pods sway lightly now, robbed of their seeds.
Faint smells elusive, born of plain and sea,
And haunting winds of tropic memory,
Make earth a magic land, where sportive, gay,
Pan and his comrades pipe in breathless play.
Spring's beauteous gifts of bursting buds and flowers
Fulfill the promise rich of Winter's somber hours : —
That we, triumphant o'er Death's gloom and strife
Shall glorious rise, like Spring, unto new Life !

APRIL

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Something tapped at my window-pane,
Someone called me without my door,
Someone laughed like the tinkle o' rain,
The robin echoed it o'er and o'er.

I threw the door and the window wide;
Sun and the touch of the breeze and then —
"Ah, were you expecting me, dear?" she cried,
And here was April come back again.

A GUEST SPEAKS

ALINE KILMER

Now April rain has filled the rivers,
And April sun has warmed the hills,
I would be back in my own garden,
Watching my windy daffodils.

This is a fair and pleasant country,
With a gracious girdle of hills about.
If I leave at once can I reach my garden
Before the iris buds come out?

Long, long, I have stayed among you,
Praising the glories you show to me.
Do you not know I must be going
To greet my blossoming cherry tree?

THE CYCLE OF TIME

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

IN JUNE

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

The joys of June are many
And the fears of June are few,
For who would harbor bitterness
When summer days are new?

And who would clothe himself in clouds
Or waste himself in sighs
When the birds are spilling music
From the depths of azure skies.

The joys of June are many,
And on every breeze that blows
Comes the honey-maker's murmur,
Comes the fragrance of the rose.
There are subtly-sweet suggestions,
Expectation, yet surprise —
And the birds are spilling music
From the depths of azure skies.

The wind from off the headland
Stirs the darkening wave to foam,
But the sails are gleaming silver
On the boats that hasten home.
And the hail of happy voices
Soon from every deck will rise,
Dearer even than the music
Of the birds in azure skies!

SEPTEMBER

EDWARD BLISS REED

Crickets are making
The merriest din,
All the fields waking
With shrill violin.

THE CYCLE OF TIME

Now all the swallows
Debate when to go ;
In the valleys and hollows
The mists are like snow.

Dahlias are glowing
In purple and red
Where once were growing
Pale roses instead.

Piled up leaves smolder,
All hazy the noon,
Nights have grown colder,
The frosts will come soon.

Early lamps burning,
So soon the night falls,
Leaves, crimson turning,
Make bright the stone walls.

Summer recalling
At turn of the year,
Fruit will be falling,
September is here.

THE FIRST AUTUMN

MARSHALL SCHACHT

Where God had walked,
The goldenrod
Sprang like fire
From the burning sod.

The purple asters,
When he spoke,
Rose up beautifully
Like smoke,

And shouting glory
To the sky,
The maple trees
Where He passed by!

But when God blessed
The last bright hill,
The holy world
Grew white and still.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER ¹

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant ;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning ;

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THE CYCLE OF TIME

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining ;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing ;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting ;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HOME THOUGHTS

ODELL SHEPARD

October in New England,
And I not there to see
The glamour of the goldenrod,
The flame of the maple tree!

October in mine own land —
I know what glory fills
The mountains of New Hampshire
And Massachusetts hills.

I know what hues of opal
Rhode Island breezes fan,
And how Connecticut puts on
Colors of Hindustan.

Vermont, in robes of splendor,
Sings with the woods of Maine
Alternate hallelujahs
Of gold and crimson stain.

The armies of the asters,
Frail hosts in blue and gray,
Invade the hills of home — and I
Three thousand miles away!

I shall take down the calendar,
And from the rounded year
Blot out one name, October,
The loveliest and most dear.

For I would not remember,
While she is marching by,
The pomp of her stately passing,
The magic of her cry.

"I HEAR THE WOODLANDS CALLING"

MADISON CAWEIN

I hear the woodlands calling, and the red is like the blare
Of trumpets in the air,
Where rebel Autumn plants her tents and crowns her gypsy hair.

I hear her beauty calling glad, with crimson and with gold,
As oft it called of old ;
And I must forth and greet her there and clasp her close and hold.

As yesterday, again today, my heart will run to her,
The gypsy wanderer,
Through scarlet of the berry-pod and purple of the burr,

The vines that vision forth her cheeks shall tell me where she lies,
Soft gazing at the skies ;
And I will steal upon her dreams and look into her eyes.

The sumach that repeats her lips shall tell me where she smiles,
Who still my heart beguiles,
And I will speak her face to face and lounge with her for miles

A riot and a tangle there, a blur of gold and gray ;
She surely went this way —
Or, so it seems, the maples cry, the cloudy asters say.

Oh, I must up and strike the trail that often I have gone,
At sunset and at dawn,
Where all the beauty of the world puts all her splendor on.

I hear the bugles on the hills; I see her banners blowing,
And all her campfires glowing, —
The campfires of her dreams, — and I — I must be up and
going.

WINTER STREAMS

BLISS CARMAN

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow,

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again,

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near —

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.



GATES AND DOORS

JOYCE KILMER

There was a gentle hostler
 (And blessèd be his name!)
 He opened up the stable
 The night Our Lady came.
 Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
 He gave them food and bed,
 And Jesus Christ has given him
 A glory round his head.


*So let the gate swing open
 However poor the yard,
 Lest weary people visit you
 And find their passage barred;*

*Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven tonight)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight ;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening
And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.*

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.



THE CYCLE OF TIME

*Unbar your heart this evening
 And keep no stranger out,
 Take from your soul's great portal
 The barrier of doubt.
 To humble folk and weary
 Give hearty welcoming,
 Your breast shall be tomorrow
 The cradle of a King.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"What means this glory round our feet,"
 The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 "Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
 "That brightens through the rocky glen?"
 And angels, answering overhead,
 Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
 We wait for Him, like them of yore;
 Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
 No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold
 In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the Wise Men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

But they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS }

EDWIN MARKHAM

It was near the first cock-crowing,
And Orion's wheel was going,
When an angel stood before us and our hearts were sore afraid.
Lo, his face was like the lightning,
When the walls of heaven are whitening,
And he brought us wondrous tidings of a joy that shall not fade.

Then a Splendor shone around us,
In the still field where he found us,
A-watch upon the Shepherd Tower and waiting for the light;
There where David as a stripling,
Saw the ewes and lambs go rippling
Down the little hills and hollows at the falling of the night.

Oh, what tender, sudden faces
Filled the old familiar places,
The barley-fields where Ruth of old went gleaning with the
birds!
Down the skies the host came swirling,
Like sea-waters white and whirling,
And our hearts were strangely shaken by the wonder of their
words.

Haste, O people : all are bidden —
Haste from places, high or hidden :
In Mary's Child the kingdom comes, the heaven in beauty
bends!
He has made all life completer :
He has made the Plain Way sweeter,
For the stall is His first shelter and the cattle His first friends.

He has come! the skies are telling :
He has quit the glorious dwelling ;
And first the tidings came to us, the humble shepherd folk.
He has come to field and manger
And no more is God a Stranger :
He comes as Common Man at home with cart and crooked
yoke.

As the shadow of a cedar
To a traveller in Gray Kedar
Will be the kingdom of His love, the kingdom without end.
Tongues and Ages may disclaim Him,
Yet the Heaven of heavens will name Him
Lord of peoples, Light of nations, elder Brother, tender
Friend.

CAROL

KENNETH GRAHAME

Villagers all, this frosty tide,
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow, and snow beside,
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide;
Joy shall be yours in the morning!

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet,
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,
Come from far away you to greet —
You by the fire and we in the street —
Bidding you joy in the morning!

For ere one half of the night was gone,
Sudden a star has led us on,
Raining bliss and benison —
Bliss tomorrow and more anon,
Joy for every morning!

Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow —
Saw the star o'er a stable low;
Mary she might not further go —
Welcome thatch, and litter below!
Joy was hers in the morning!

And then they heard the angels tell
"Who were the first to cry *Nowell?*
Animals all, as it befell,
In the stable where they did dwell!
Joy shall be theirs in the morning!"

THE CYCLE OF TIME

THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*There are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
Yet souls who wear no less
The Crowns of Faithfulness.*

My Master bade me watch the flock by night;
My duty was to stay. I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light,
I did not heed the words that bade them go,
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,
What though my brother wept and pulled my sleeve? —
They were not mine to leave.

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill —
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates, no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me.
I had not heard the summons they obeyed;
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went.
I only know that watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed that trust upon me laid —
I ask no more — I stayed.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Translated from the Latin by J. M. NEALE

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

THE CYCLE OF TIME

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither ;
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together ;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
Tread thou in them boldly ;
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

THE NEW YEAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going : let him go ;
Ring out the false : ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

THE CYCLE OF TIME

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC



"LORD RONALD BROUGHT A LILY-WHITE DOE
TO GIVE HIS COUSIN, LADY CLARE." (PAGE 162)

THE ADVENTURERS

MAY BYRON

They sit at home and they dream and dally,
Raking the embers of long-dead years —
But ye go down to the haunted Valley,
Light-hearted pioneers.
They have forgotten they ever were young,
They hear your songs as an unknown tongue,
But the flame of God through your spirit stirs,
Adventurers — O Adventurers!

They tithe their herbs and they count their tally,
Choosing their words that a phrase may live —
Be ye cast down in the hungry Valley
All that a man can give.
They prophesy smoothly, with weary smile,
Fulfilling their feeble appointed while,
But Death himself to your pride defers,
Adventurers — O Adventurers!

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
 Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
 He saw her wave a handkerchief, as much as if to say,
 "I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
 "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
 I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
 stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
 Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain —
 But they have heard her father's steps, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh, what was that, my
 daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"

"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon!
 I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell the pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;
 Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoon,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was
 drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
 And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD BYRON

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

PARK BENJAMIN

"Bring forth the steed!" — It was a level plain
 Broad and unbröken as the mighty sea,
 When in their prison caves the winds lie chained.
 There Philip sat, pavilioned from the sun;
 There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
 Bannered and plumed and armed — a vast array.
 There too among an undistinguished crowd,
 Distinguished not himself by pomp, or dress,
 Or any royal sign, save that he wore
 A godlike aspect like Olympian Jove,
 And perfect grace and dignity, — a youth, —
 A simple youth scarce sixteen summers old,
 With swift impatient step walked to and fro.
 E'en from their monarch's throne, they turned to view —
 Those countless congregations, — that young form;
 And when he cried again, "Bring forth the steed!"
 Like thunder rolled the multitudinous shout
 Along the heavens, — "Live, Alexander!"

Then Philip waved his sceptre. — Silence fell
 O'er all the plain. — 'Twas but a moment's pause,
 While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
 Sunk down like ocean billows, when the breeze
 First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
 Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
 Of armies, as in victory, — "Live the King!"
 And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled:
 From famous Thessaly a horse he brought,
 A matchless horse. Vigor and beauty strove

Like rival sculptors carving the same stone
To win the mastery; and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he ran
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! What a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride,
Worth gold in talents; chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on earth.

"Obey my son, Pharsalian! bring the steed!"
The Monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
"Mount, vassal, mount! Why pales thy cheek with fear?
Mount — ha! art slain? Another! mount again!"
'Twas all in vain. — No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur to the rein:
No thong or spur could make his fury yield. —
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears,
Now madly plunges, strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird — his fellow, king of air!

"Quick, take him hence," cried Philip; "he is wild!"
"Stay, father, stay! — lose not this gallant steed,
For that base groom cannot control his ire!
Give me the bridle." Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier; prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him. — He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained and turned
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun,

Then with that hand, in after years which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts —
Conquered all Greece, and over Persia swayed
Imperial command, — which on Fame's Temple
Graved : "*Alexander, Victor of the World!*"
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
How like a Centaur looked the youth and steed!
Firmly the hero sat ; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement ; his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve ; his lip as smiling
And his glance as calm, as if, in dalliance
Instead of danger, with a girl he played.
Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
And struggling to get free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from the shivering bow —
The rein is loosened. "Now Bucephalus!"
Away — away! he flies; away, away!
The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance.

Lo! a speck, —
A darksome speck on the horizon! 'Tis —
'Tis he! Now it enlarges; now are seen
The horse and rider; now, with ordered pace,
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
Down to the earth and bends his rapid pace
Unto the King's pavilion. — The wild steed,
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.

Philip wept tears of joy : "My son, go seek
A larger empire ; for so vast a soul
Too small is Macedonia!"

THE BELL OF ATRI 352

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"
The *Re Giovanni*, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blasts of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days at Atri sped.
What wrongs were righted need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,

Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Âtri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who love his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all.
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising means how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose,
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half articulate jargon, the old song :
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn.
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the braids of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he would do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : "Right well it pleaseth me !
Church bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more.
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

SIR PATRICK SPENS

(~~Author~~ unknown)

I. The Sailing

The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship o' mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou maun' bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh'd he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon-the sea?"

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

"Be it wind, be it weët, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem;
 The king's daughter o' Noroway,
 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoised their sails on Monday-morn
 Wi' a' the speed they may;
 And they hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
 In Noroway, but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud
 And a' our Queenis fee."
 "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie
 As gane my men and me, —
 And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
 Out owre the sea wi' me."

II. The Return

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
 Our gude ship sails the morn."
 "Now ever alack, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap.
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till up you go to the tall topmast, —
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step;
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

“Go fetch a web o’ silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetch’d a web o’ silken claith
Another o’ the twine,
And they wapp’d them round that gude ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in.

They fetch’d a web o’ silken claith
Another o’ the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship’s side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel’d shoon!
But lang or a’ the play was play’d
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That float’d on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord’s sōn
That never more came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white, —
The maidens tore their hair;
A’ for the sake of their true loves, —
For them they’ll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

141

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

JAMES MONTGOMERY

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Made way for Liberty, and died.

.
It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power:
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.

Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how. ^{AA}

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won :
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried ;
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried ;
Their keen points met from side to side ;
He bow'd amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart ;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all ;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

THE REVENGE

ALFRED TENNYSON

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away :

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and
laughed,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed

By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And upshadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the
summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-
three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons
came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder
and flame ;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead
and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could
fight us no more —

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Though his vessel was all but a wreck ;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the
summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we
still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die !"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,

And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and
their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy
of Spain,

And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags

To be lost evermore in the main.



THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

WALTER THOMAS.

Tramp! tramp! went the roan,
 Trap! trap! went the gray;
 But po! po! ran! like a thing that was mad,
 My chestnut broke away.
 It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
 And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
 Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
 But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare
 That she showed them all the way.
 Spur on! spur on! — I doffed my hat,
 And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool, —
 Splintered through fence and rail;

But chestnut Kate switched over the gate, —
I saw them droop and trail.
To Salisbury town — but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown, —
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand, —
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX"

ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time !"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker
still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — First, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-
bogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's
a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

' Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

— Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face!

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate

Up the English come — too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he steps in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand what'er you will,
France remains your debtor still,
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
run? —

Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :

Not a pillar nor a post

 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank

 Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
Aurore !

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Half a league, half a league,

 Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade !

Charge for the guns !” he said :

Into the valley of Death

 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
 Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
 Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
 Reach the dust-cloud in his course.

More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood ;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying North from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day ;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen ;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes,
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this péril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true ;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright ; O life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
 Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
 Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
 Kyrat safe his rider bore ;

Rattling down the deep abyss
 Fragments of the precipice
 Rolled like pebbles on the shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red
 Trembled not upon his head,
 Careless sat he and upright ;
 Neither hand nor bridle shook,
 Nor his head he turned to look,
 As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
 Seen a moment like the glare
 Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;
 Thus the phantom horseman passed,
 And the shadow that he cast
 Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
 While this vision of life and death
 Passed above him. "Allahu!"
 Cried he. "In all Koordistan
 Lives there not so brave a man
 As this robber, Kurroglou!"

Y

LADY CLARE

ALFRED TENNYSON

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betrothed were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth : you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leaped up from where she lay,
Dropped her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower :
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dressed like a village maid,
That are the flower of earth?"

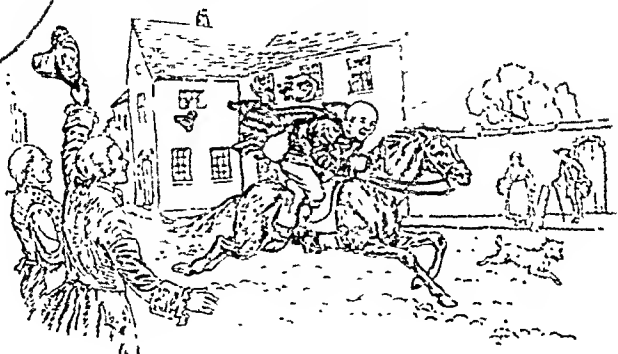
"If I come dressed like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn :
He turned and kissed her where she stood :
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."



JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A trainband captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,

Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
✓ Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
 His fame soon spread around ;
"He carries weight !" "He rides a race !"
 " 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop, /
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired"; —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware,

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

“What news? what news? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He led them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain :
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before.
~~That~~ Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

X
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound;
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief! I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men —
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her, —
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, —
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover :
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water :
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing ;
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES

ELLEN MURRAY

TRAVELER. Begone, you, sir. Here, shepherd, call your dog.
 SHEPHERD. Be not affrighted, madame. Poor Pierrot
 Will do no harm. I know his voice is gruff,
 But then, his heart is good.

- TRAVELER. Well, call him, then.
I do not like his looks. He's growling now.
- SHEPHERD. Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot
He is as good a Christian as myself.
And does not like a stick.
- TRAVELER. Such a fierce look
And such great teeth!
- SHEPHERD. Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth.
Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth.
Come here, my Pierrot. Would you like to bite
Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me.
- TRAVELER. Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.
- SHEPHERD. Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands
Against the sky?
- TRAVELER. Just where the cliff goes down
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock
To where the river foams along its bed?
I've often wondered who was brave to plant
A cross on such an edge.
- SHEPHERD. Myself, madame.
That the good God might know I give Him thanks.
One night, it was November, black and thick
The fog came down, when as I reached my home
Marie came running out; our little one,
Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost.
I called Pierrot: "Go, seek him, find my boy."
And off he went. Marie was crying loud
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain;
Whistled and called, and listened for his voice.
He always came or barked at my first word,

But now, he answered not. When day at last
Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw
On that high ledge, against the dawning light,
My little one asleep, sitting so near
That edge that as I looked his red beret
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss.
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth,
His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds
Swift as the gray wolf's own, I climbed the steep,
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail,
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said: "Forgive, I could not speak,"
But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.

Ah, ha, Pierrot,
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth;
I knew she would.

TRAVELER.

Come here, Pierrot, good dog,
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true,
Come, come, be friends with me.

THE BALLAD OF THE FOXHUNTER¹

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

"Now lay me in a cushioned chair
And carry me, you four,
With cushions here and cushions there,
To see the world once more.

¹ From William Butler Yeats's "Poetical Works." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

"And some one from the stables bring
My Dermot dear and brown,
And lead him gently in a ring,
And gently up and down.

"Now leave the chair upon the grass :
Bring hound and huntsman here,
And I on this strange road will pass,
Filled full of ancient cheer."

His eyelids droop, his head falls low,
His old eyes cloud with dreams ;
The sun upon all things that grow
Pours round in sleepy streams.

Brown Dermot treads upon the lawn,
And to the armchair goes,
And now the old man's dreams are gone,
He smooths the long brown nose.

And now moves many a pleasant tongue
Upon his wasted hands,
For leading aged hounds and young
The huntsman near him stands.

"My huntsman, Rody, blow the horn,
And make the hills reply."
The huntsman loosens on the morn
A gay and wandering cry.

A fire is in the old man's eyes,
His fingers move and sway,
And when the wandering music dies,
They hear him feebly say,

"My huntsman, Rody, blow the horn,
And make the hills reply."

"I cannot blow upon my horn,
I can but weep and sigh."

The servants round his cushioned place
Are with new sorrow wrung ;
The hounds are gazing on his face,
Both agèd hounds and young.

One blind hound only lies apart
On the sun-smitten grass ;
He holds deep commune with his heart :
The moments pass and pass ;

The blind hound with a mournful din
Lifts slow his wintry head ;
The servants bear the body in ;
The hounds wail for the dead.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be!"

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trembling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She lifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank —
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!


KATE SHELLEY

EUGENE J. HALL

Have you heard how a girl saved the lightning express —
Of Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the road?
Were he living to-day, he'd be proud to possess
Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 'twas grit that she showed
On that terrible evening when Donahue's train
Jumped the bridge and went down in the darkness and rain!

She was only eighteen, but a woman in size,
With a figure as graceful and lithe as a doe;
With peach-blossom cheeks, and with violet eyes,
And teeth and complexion like new-fallen snow.
With a nature unspoiled and unblemished by art,
With a generous soul, and a warm, noble heart!

'Tis evening; the darkness is dense and profound;
Men linger at home by the bright-blazing fires;
The wind wildly howls with a horrible sound,
And shrieks through the vibrating telegraph wires;
The fierce lightning flashes along the dark sky;
The rain falls in torrents; the river rolls by.

The scream of a whistle! the rush of a train! 
The sound of a bell! a mysterious light
That flashes and flares through the fast-falling rain!
A rumble! a roar! shrieks of human affright!
The falling of timbers! the hush of a breath!
A splash in the river! then darkness and death!

Kate Shelly recoils at the terrible crash ;

The sounds of destruction she happens to hear ;
She springs to the window, she throws up the sash,
And listens and looks with a feeling of fear ;
The tall tree tops groan, and she hears the faint cry
Of a drowning man down in the river hard by !

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan ;
And then through her soul in a moment there flies
A forethought that gives her the strength of a man.

She turns to her trembling old mother and cries,
"I must save the express ; 'twill be here in an hour !"
Then out through the door disappears in the shower.

She flies down the track in the pitiless rain ;
She reaches the river ; the water below
Whirls and seethes through the timbers. She shudders again.
"The bridge ! To Moingona God help me to go !"
Then closely about her she gathers her gown,
And on the wet ties with a shiver sinks down.

Then carefully over the timbers she creeps
On her hands and her knees, almost holding her breath.
The loud thunder peals and the wind wildly sweeps,
And struggles to hurry her downward to death ;
But the thought of the train to destruction so near
Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.

With the blood dripping down from each torn, bleeding limb,
Slowly over the timbers her dark way she feels ;
Her fingers grow numb and her head seems to swim ;
Her strength is fast failing ; she staggers, she reels,

She falls! Ah! the danger is over at last,
Her feet touch the earth, and the long bridge is passed!

In an instant new life seems to come to her form;

She springs to her feet and forgets her despair.

On, on to Moingona! She faces the storm,

She reaches the station — the keeper is there,

“Save the lightning express! No, — hang out the red light!

There’s death on the bridge at the river to-night!”

Out flashes the signal light, rosy and red;

Then sounds the loud roar of the swift-coming train,

The hissing of steam; and there, brightly ahead,

The gleam of a headlight illumines the rain.

“Down breaks!” shrieks the whistle, defiant and shrill;

She heeds the red signal, she slackens! she’s still!

Ah! noble Kate Shelly, your mission is done;

Your deed that dark night shall not fade from our gaze;

An endless renown you have worthily won;

Let the nation be just, and accord you its praise;

Let your name, let your fame, and your courage declare

What a woman can do, and a woman can dare.

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,

While kneeling at the altar’s foot to pray

Alone with God, as was his pious choice,

Heard from beneath a miserable voice,

A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,

As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
 And, looking from the casement, saw below
 A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
 And withered hands, held up to him, who cried
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save —
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
 I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." — "O man
 Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold, "
 "Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold;
 Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
 Even while I speak, perchance my first-born dies!"

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
 None go unfed; hence are we always poor;
 A single soldo is our only store.
 Thou hast our prayers; — what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
 On either side of the great crucifix.
 God well may spare them on His errands sped,
 Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
 Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize
 Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

The royal feast was done ; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : " Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool ;
The rod must heal the sin : but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !"

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool !"

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheery still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, —
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

UNDER THE OPEN SKY



"OH, SMOOTH AND FREE IS THE BOAT FOR ME
THAT SLIDES WITH A NOISELESS WAKE." (PAGE 202)

THE HIGH COUNTRY

HARRY NOYES PRATT

It's blossom time in the high countrie,
Where the slender aspens grow,
And the lilies peep
From the boulder heap
At the edge of the melting snow.

It's blossom time in the high countrie,
Where a thousand banners fling
Their thundering spray
To the gleaming day
As the flying waters sing.

It's blossom time in the high countrie,
Gay with a thousand blooms;
Where the daisy's cup
Comes smiling up,
And the larkspur lifts its plumes.

When it's blossom time on the mountain side,
Then the hills are calling me
Through the shimmering day
To the hill highway —
I'm off for the high countrie!

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

ALFRED NOYES

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white-road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth:
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find ;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
We'll follow the gipsy sun ;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun ;
And the road rolls on through the end of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove ;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above ;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
There's not much better to win !
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought,
you have proved
The worth of folly and sin ;
So now come out of the City's rout,
Come out of the dust and din.

Come out, — a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,

If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
If your lips can carry a song!

*Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come choose your road and away.*

IN BLOSSOM TIME

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing —
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey bees, blacken the clover beds —
There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold,
And sit at the Master's feet. .

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

AN ANGLER'S WISH

HENRY VAN DYKE

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of western houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

I guess the pussy willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
 Along the brook ; and robins look
For early worms along the plough.

The thistle birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats, to match the sun ;
 And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion's Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees :
 Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these ?

I think the meadow lark's clear sound
Leaps upward slowly from the ground,
 While on the wing, the bluebirds ring
The wedding bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush ; and very near,
 Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song sparrows gently sing, " Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit thrush repeats his psalm.
 How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm !

'Tis not a proud desire of mine ;
I ask for nothing superfine ;
 No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line :

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

Only an idle stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream ;

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art :
No more I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

THE SONG OF THE LIGHT CANOE

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

When the dew is fresh and the grasses wet
And the breeze is rippling bright,
I shove from the shore without an oar
In the gray of the morning light.

And my heart leaps up at the paddle flash
As my boat leaps on its way,
And a song wells out as I look about
On the sweetness of the day.

When the river rests and the ripples sleep
And the hills are tinged with red,
I sail the sky that has fallen from high
On the shining river-bed.

And my soul drinks deep of the evening calm
As the ends of my paddle play,
And a song breathes soft to the sky aloft
In the hush of the fading day :

*Oh, smooth and free is the boat for me
That slides with a noiseless wake,
Like a bird's free flight through the liquid light
Or a swan's through the sky-filled lake;*

*And the paddle-flash with never a splash,
As the day fades from my eyes,
Is sweet as a star that gleams afar
When the flush of the sunset dies.*

HUNTING SONG

WALTER SCOTT

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day:
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

RIDING SONG

UNKNOWN

Let us ride together, —
Blowing mane and hair,
Careless of the weather,
Miles ahead of care,
Ring of hoof and snaffle,
Spring of waist and hip,
Trotting down the twisted road
With a world let slip.

Let us laugh together, —
Merry as of old,
To the creak of leather
And the morning cold.

Break into a canter ;
Shout to bank and tree ;
Rocking down the waking trail,
Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities,
Here's the life for me.
'Twere a thousand pities
Not to gallop free.
So we'll ride together,
Comrade, you and I,
Careless of the weather,
Letting care go by.

LONE DOG

IRENE R. McLEOD

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone ;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own ;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep ;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat ;
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff, and kick, and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide ;
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of the quest !

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

THE CLIMBING ROAD

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Where do you go, O climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever :
"I go," it seems to answer back,
"To seek the great endeavor!"

Be mine your way, O climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever,
For still my heart within me cries
To seek the great endeavor.

THE RANGER'S LIFE

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Nights that are spent in the open,
Under the whispering trees ;
Slumber that's sweet and dreamless —
Lullabies sung by the breeze.
Waked by the first red sunbeam
Unto no day of strife —
Waked to a day of pleasure —
Such is the ranger's life.

Over paths flecked with sunshine,
Threading the tree-lined ways ;
Fording a snow-born streamlet
There where the big trout plays.
Surprising the elk at the dawning —
The bear at his clumsy play —
Feeling the heart beat of Nature,
Such is the ranger's day.

Think you the city can call him?
What charm has the market place?
Why should he turn from the mountains,
Inviting, from peak to base?
Town's but to dream of at even,
When camp fire smoke curls high.
So lives the forest ranger
Under the western sky.

THE LURE OF THE TRAIL

FLOYD MEREDITH

The gypsy sun is high all day,
And the gypsy moon is bright,
But it's up again, and away, away, —
We're breaking camp tonight.

Over the mountains, down the stream,
Ah, but the trail is good,
Then halt! we raise the tents, and dream,
Back in the gypsy wood.

So it's up again, first low, then high,
Ever the trail along,
With the call of the earth, the winds, and the sky,
In the gypsy's luring song.

Among us all there's scarce a man,
Without the gypsy strain,
Who once has followed the patteran,
But longs for the trail again.



TRAIL SONG

HAROLD SYMMES

Then it's ho! for the pack
On the dusty track,
And ho! for the roadside rills.
A song for the trail
Through gorge and swale,
That leads to the giant hills.

Up! Storm the heights
Where first dawn lights,
And vales where nothing stills
The thundering call
Of stream and fall
In the heart of the giant hills.

Breathe deep their air
So clear and rare.
Breathe deep the joy that thrills.
Though muscles ache,
No steep forsake —
There's strength in the giant hills.

And oh! the rest
On the mountain's crest
When night the day fulfills,
Beneath a pine,
Where great stars shine,
Asleep in the giant hills.

Then up and sing
Till rock walls ring
And echo heaven fills!
A wild heigh-ho
To the vale below!
Life sings in the giant hills!

NATURE'S CATHEDRALS

DAVID FALLON

rough forests dim, primeval, vast, and green for ever-
more,
Overarched by arms outstretched in blessing, winds a
ribboned way
Stretching down from mountains snow-crowned to the tur-
quoise bay,
Where the thunderous ocean breaks upon the rocky shore.

To serried heights red-fluted pines in stately ranks uprise ;
The virgin forest carpet's rich with flowery velvet sheen ;
The feathered choir, full-throated, sings aloft, though never
seen.
A bit of heaven, each fleeting glimpse of deep-blue, cloudless
skies.

The everchanging beauty sets my throbbing heart athrill ;
The shimmering highway glints bronze-flecked beneath the
sun's bright gleam ;
Vista on grand vista widens, each alluring as a dream,
Matchless works of God disclosing, far beyond man's highest
skill.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES

HELEN DOUGLAS ADAM

In the silence of the evening as the shadows creep around me,
And the day is softly sleeping in her cradle in the west,
As the dews of night are falling,
Then I hear soft voices calling,
Calling from the misty vastness, from the mansions of the
blest.

And my soul goes out and wanders to the hills and dewy
valleys,
To the dells and glens and woodlands and the meadows and
the bowers.

Have you heard the pine trees sighing
In the forest, murmuring, crying,
In the silent mystic stillness of the solemn evening hours?

Have you listened in the silence to their whispering, murmuring
voices?

Have you heard their gentle laughter, like the bluebells' dainty
chimes?

Through the dewy stillness ringing,

As of angels softly singing,

Have you listened in the stillness to the music of the pines?

Sweeter far than martial music in the days of war and fighting,
Sweeter far than wondrous legends in the ancient Indian
rhymes,

When the forest rises waking,

Through eve's purple curtain breaking,

I'll remember ever, ever the sweet music of the pines.

SEA SHELL

AMY LOWELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,

Sing me a song, O please!

A song of ships, and sailor men,

And parrots, and tropical trees,

Of islands lost in the Spanish Main

Which no man ever may find again,

Of fishes and corals under the waves,

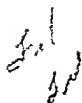
Of sea-horses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,

Sing of the things you know so well.

"TO SEA"

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES



To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
 The wanton water leaps in sport
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
 And unseen Mermaids' pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! Our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full : To sea, to sea !

"A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA"

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE SEA

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was, and is, to me ;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

HASTINGS MILL

CICELY FOX SMITH

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the salt wind
 blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir and sigh
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw a ship there lying,
About her tawny yards the little clouds of sunset flying;
And half I took her for the ghost of one I used to know
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) many years ago.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw while I stood dreaming
The flicker of her riding light along the ripples streaming,
The bollards where we made her fast and the berth where she
 did lie
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) in the days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a fellow singing,
Chipping off the deep sea rust above the tide a-swimming,
And well I knew the queer old tune and well the song he sung
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world was young.

And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by the still tide sleeping,
To a randy-dandy deep-sea tune my heart in time was keeping,
To the thin far sound of a shadowy watch a-hauling,
And the voice of one I knew across the high tide calling
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late dusk falling!

FOLLOWING THE FLAG



"SWEET MOLLY LABORED WITH COURAGE HIGH,
WITH STEADY HAND AND WATCHFUL EYE." (PAGE 236)

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on 'the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

RUDYARD KIPLING

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all.
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!*

"WHAT MAKES A NATION?"

WILBUR DICK NESBIT

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead from shore to shore,

That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields between —
The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or victor's song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a nation strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart that beats in all her sons —
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his country's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

COLUMBUS

(August 3 - October 12, 1492)

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead,
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night."

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck.
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

WALLACE RICE

*Five fearless knights of the first renown
In Elizabeth's great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down —
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was gray
As a moonlit night,
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day —
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.*

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT, he was ONE

And Devon was heaven to him,

He loved the sea as he loved the sun

And hated the Don as the Devil's limb —

Hated him up to the brim!

In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,

He roughed and routed their braggart band,

And God was with him on sea and land ;

Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,

For he was one of America's host —

And now there is nothing but English speech

For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

From near the Equator away to the Pole ;

While the billows beat and the oceans roll

On the Three Americas.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and he was TWO

And Devon was heaven to him,

He loved in his heart the waters blue

And hated the Don as the Devil's limb —

Hated him up to the brim!

At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,

The Armada met him and fled afeard,

Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared ;

Oregon knew him, and all that coast,

For he was one of America's host —

And now there is nothing but English speech

For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

From California away to the Pole ;

While the billows beat and the oceans roll

On the Three Americas.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, he was THREE
 And Devon was heaven to him,
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea —
 He hated the Don as the Devil's limb —
 Hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
 Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host —
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From Guiana northward to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, he was FOUR
 And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the waves and their windy roar
 And hated the Don as the Devil's limb —
 Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with the *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
 Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host —
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach and reach,
 From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

And Sir JOHN HAWKINS, he was FIVE
And Devon was heaven to him,
 He worshiped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb —
Hated him up to the brim!
 He chased him over the Spanish Main,
 He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain —
 His cities he ravished again and again;
 The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host —
 And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From the Rio Grande away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves —
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valor blessed
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA D. HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band :
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN PIERPONT

The Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the *Mayflower* moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile — sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim, where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When Summer's throned on high,

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the *Mayflower* lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE RISING

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet ;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,

Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.
Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood ;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is nought ;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —

The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before;
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

To drumbeat and heartbeat,
 A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drumbeat and heartbeat
 In a moment he must die.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp ;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armèd sentry's tramp ;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line ;
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance ;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of the lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And horror in the sound !
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found ;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, and steady brow,
He listens to his doom ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom.

But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod ;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God !
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree ;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty ;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot should die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn ;
But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn !

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

MOLLY PITCHER

LAURA E. RICHARDS

All day the great guns barked and roared ;
All day the great balls screeched and soared ;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
With steady hand and watchful eye.
Till the day was ours, and the setting sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now, Molly, rest your weary arm !
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead !

Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed —
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise ;
He bids her raise her tearful eyes ;
And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall,
"And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart !

And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!"

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL

WILL CARLETON

Paul Revere was a rider bold, —
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one, —
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Harken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years:
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well,
The sweetness of her heart could tell,

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong, and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed:
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madame, please give us a bite to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
He is visiting home as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft in her younger days had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.

And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the Captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark, from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;

And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes :
The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread ;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill :
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddlebow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,

And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door, —
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain—
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star, —
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! They come! Away! Away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprang, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night; .
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown;
'Tis I who scared him from his nest;

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread :
Of womankind I must crown you queen ;
So brave a girl I have never seen :
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due :
And when peace comes, I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago ;
You two would never agree, I know ;
I've promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

FLAG OF THE FREE

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

Look at the flag as it floats on high,
Streaming aloft in the clear, blue sky,
Rippling, leaping, tugging away.
Gay as the sunshine, bright as the day,
Throbbing with life, where the world may see —
Flag of our country, flag of the free !

What do we see in the flag on high,
That we bare our heads — as it passes by,
That we thrill with pride, and our hearts beat fast,
And we cheer and cheer as the flag goes past —
The flag that waves for you and me —
Flag of our country, flag of the free ?

We see in the flag a nation's might,
The pledge of a safeguard day and night,
Of a watchful eye and a powerful arm
That guard the nation's homes from harm,
Of a strong defense on land and sea —
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

We see in the flag a union grand,
A brotherhood of heart and hand,
A pledge of love and a stirring call
To live our lives for the good of all,
Helpful and just and true to thee,
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

Ripple, dear flag, o'er the lands and the seas!
Shake out your stars and your stripes to the breeze,
Righting all wrongs, dispelling all fear,
Guarding the land that we cherish so dear,
And the God of our fathers, abiding with thee,
Will bless you and lead you, O flag of the free!

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

THE PIONEER

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Long ago I blazed a trail
Through lovely woods unknown till then,
And marked with cairns of splintered shale
A mountain way for other men ;

For other men who came and came :
They trod the path more plain to see ;
They gave my trail another's name,
And no one speaks or knows of me.

The trail runs high, the trail runs low,
Where windflowers dance, or columbine;
The scars are healed that long ago
My ax cut deep on birch and pine.

Another's name my trail may bear,
But still I keep, in waste and wood,
My joy because the trail is there,
My peace because the trail is good.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BAYARD TAYLOR

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon, —
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish-Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

WALT WHITMAN

Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead!

Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills;
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores
 a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Under the roses the blue;
Under the lilies the gray.

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together today.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath,
Slumber our heroes today!

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky :

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly ;
But more than the flag is passing by :

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State ;
Weary marches and sinking ships ;
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;
March of a strong land's swift increase ;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe ;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong ;
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high:
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

HEROES

BERTON BRALEY

The heroes of the story books are ever in a pose,
 They always die with words of high and lofty verse or prose,
 But when the good *Tuscania* went down with flying flag
 Our khaki gang of heroes sang a gay and foolish rag!

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"
 Across the sea the melody came dancing free and clear;
 They faced their fate with souls elate and hearts that knew no fear,
 With "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from
 here?"

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"
 A song, in truth, of valiant youth, that never loses cheer;
 They felt the breath of clammy death, but with a lilt sincere
 Their laughing song sang blithely out, "Where do we go from
 here?"

It is a tale whose wondrous thrill we all of us can share
 When brave men meet their destiny with spirit debonair.
 What foe can hope with boys to cope who sing, when death is near,
 "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

SAGAMORE

(Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919)

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

At Sagamore the Chief lies low —
Above the hill in circled row
The whirring airplanes dip and fly,
A guard of honor from the sky; —
Eagles to guard the Eagle. Woe
Is on the world. The people go
With listless footsteps, blind and slow; —
For one is dead — who shall not die —
At Sagamore.

O Land he loved, at last you know
The son who served you well below,
The prophet voice, the visioned eye.
Hold him in ardent memory,
For one is gone — who shall not go —
From Sagamore!

THE BROOK THAT RUNS TO FRANCE

JOHN CLAIR MINOT

The brook that threads the meadow
Was rippling in the sun,
And close beside it in their play
I saw the children run.

"Where goes the brook, my brother?"
The little maiden cried.

"It seeks the river first," he said,
"And then the ocean wide."

"And when it finds the ocean,
Where do its waters go?"
"To distant shores and round the world,
Wherever tides may flow."

The little maiden pondered :
"Oh, is there any chance
Our little brook will cross the sea,
And touch the shores of France?"

"Who knows?" the brother answered.
"The waters travel far ;
It may be that our brook will flow
To where the battles are."

Then spake the little maiden :
"Upon Memorial Day
We love to gather all the flowers
That blossom in the May ;

"We take them to the churchyard,
And place them there above
The graves of gallant men who fought
Beneath the flag we love.

"I have a plan, my brother" —
Her bright eyes met his glance :
"We'll ask the brook to bear our flowers
To those who are in France!"

They gathered from the hillside
The purple lilac spray;
They plucked the little violets
That grew beside the way.

And then into the waters
They cast them one by one —
The waters of the meadow brook
That sparkled in the sun.

"Oh, take the flowers we offer,"
I heard the children say,
"And bear them with our love to France,
Three thousand miles away!"

The brook went rippling onward,
The blossoms on its tide,
To seek afar the river first
And then the ocean wide.

I know not where the waters
The love-sent blossoms bore;
But this I know — their fragrance spread,
Three thousand miles, and more!

THE AMERICANS COME

ELIZABETH A. WILBUR

"What is the cheering, my little one?
O that my blinded eyes could see!
Hasten, my boy, to the window run,
And see what the noise in the street may be.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

"I hear the drums and the marching feet;
 Look and see what it's all about!
 Who can it be that our people greet
 With cheer and laughter and joyous shout?"

"They are men, my father, brown and strong,
 And they carry a banner of wondrous hue;
 With a mighty tread they swing along;
 Now I see white stars on a field of blue!"

"You say that you see white stars on blue?
 Look, are there stripes of red and white?
 It must be — yes, it must be true!
 O dear God, if I had my sight!"

"Hasten, son, fling the window wide,
 Let me kiss the staff our flag swings from,
 And salute the Stars and Stripes with pride,
 For, God be praised, the Americans come!"

"IN THE MIDST OF THEM"

MARGARET BELL MERRILL

[The Americans were greatly surprised to see a number of children kneel in the street as the flag was carried by. — Cablegram from Paris on the arrival of the American troops]

(Why so patient, standing there,
 Edouard and small Pierre,
 Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire?)

"When the troops come marching by,"
 (Quoth the small Pierre)

"Mother, wilt thou lift me high,
 That we see them, thou and I?"

"Mother, are they fair to see?"

(A busy tongue — Pierre.)

"Have they little boys like me,
Left at home across the sea?"

(Alas! Alas! Pierre.)

"Mother, we have waited long";

(Long, indeed, Pierre!)

"The sun has grown so hot and strong —
Surely none has done them wrong?"

(God forbid, Pierre.)

"Mother, who did send them here?"

(The gift of God, Pierre.)

"But then there is no need of fear,
And on thy cheek I see a tear —"

(The tears of hope, Pierre.)

Down the boulevard a cry —
A bugle note is flung on high —
The Stars and Stripes are passing by!

"The gift of God," quoth small Pierre;
His hat on breast, his curls all bare,
He knelt upon the pavement there.

(Five young children kneeling there —
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire,
Edouard and small Pierre.)

Fairest flag of Liberty —
Carrying hope across the sea —
A little child has hallowed thee,
And made of thee a prayer!

UNKNOWN

ELLA M. HAZEN

I crossed a barren field in war-scarred France
Toward evening of a gloomy summer day ;
Poor, spindling weeds grew in the sterile soil,
And rank grass stretched its snares across my way ;
Stumbling, one hand outflung to stay my step,
I touched a leaning wooden cross that seemed
To shrink amid the tangled growth. A blur
Of white against the gathering dusk, it gleamed.

I bent above it, and with eager hands
Pushed matted grass and wind-blown leaves apart,
And found one word, dim written, half defaced —
“Unknown.” The word leaped out and struck my heart!
“Unknown.” What mother, undiscouraged, still
Day after day hopes in a hopeless quest!
“Unknown.” No tears to bless his lonely grave,
No love to cherish his last place of rest!

Just then a sudden rift, a lifting cloud!
A ray of light straight leveled at the sod
Fell on the cross. Beneath the one sad word
I saw more words: “Unknown — but known to God.”
Oh, sudden radiance through the gathering gloom!
Oh, ray of glory in the twilight dim!
God keeps the secret of that lonely place.
Ah, sleep — in peace — for all is known to Him!

THE POPPY

JOHN S. MADDEN

When Spring comes back to Flanders fields,
And larks are on the wing,
When apples bloom in Normandy,
And nature's great heart sings,
You'll find o'er shrapnel-seeded glades,
Where once the armies trod,
A flaming, brilliant, crimson flower :
War's emblem from the sod.

Through tangled wire and poisoned ground,
Through skeletons of dead,
By sagging dugout, ruined trench,
They flaunt their scarlet head :
And redder than the soldier's blood,
More livid than his scars,
They bloom beneath the golden sun,
And 'neath the evening stars.

O flower of sleep ! O flower of death !
Like some great ruby flood,
You spring from every battlefield
Drenched by the soldier's blood.
Lest we forget, you bring to mind
War's valor and romance :
Your crimson mantle keeps it green
When Spring comes back to France.

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE¹

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

This is the land where hate should die —
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die —
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect beliefs that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's faith a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past,
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die —
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where dark, suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace.
Then let us purge of poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy, as we ought,
Of the great land in which we live!

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WITH THE IMMORTALS



"HIGH ON THE SHORE SAT THE GREAT GOD PAN." (PAGE 275)

A BOOK ¹

EMILY DICKINSON

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

"WHO HATH A BOOK"

WILBUR DICK NESBIT

Who hath a book
Has friends at hand,
And gold and gear
At his command;
And rich estates,
If he but look,
Are held by him
Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
Has but to read,
And he may be
A king, indeed;

¹ Copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

His kingdom is
His inglenook —
All this is his
Who hath a book.

ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

WALTER DE LA MARE

The scent of bramble fills the air,
Amid her folded sheets she lies,
The gold of evening in her hair,
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.

How many a changing moon hath lit
The unchanging roses of her face!
Her mirror ever broods on it
In silver stillness of the days.

Oft flits the moth on filmy wings
Into his solitary lair;
Shrill evensong the cricket sings
From some still shadow in her hair.

In heat, in snow, in wind, in flood,
She sleeps in lovely loneliness,
Half-folded like an April bud
On winter-haunted trees.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

ALFRED TENNYSON

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land ; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of agèd snow,
Stood sunset-flushed ; and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West ; through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seemed the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against the rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, *as voices from the grave ;*
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore

Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

ARGUS

ALEXANDER POPE

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tossed,
Arrived at last — poor, old, despised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown,
Changed as he was, with age and toils and cares,
Furrowed his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to beg for bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
His faithful dog his rightful master knew!

Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay;
And though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet
(’Twas all he could), and fawned, and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy; then, falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

ULYSSES

ALFRED TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all, —
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were

345

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle, —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides ; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are, —
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.)

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

JOHN KEATS

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien. / /

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

PEGASUS IN POUND

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Once into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quail from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'Twas the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the somber village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;

WITH THE IMMORTALS

But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoofmarks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sat by the river),
 "The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed."
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man:
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain, —
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

PAN IN WALL STREET

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Just where the Treasury's marble front
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
 To throng for trade and last quotations;
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar :
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting ;

His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Naïs at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead !” — and all the people
Went on their ways : — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.



DAVID

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

David was a shepherd lad, beautiful as you,
Sang within a shadowed tent to soothe a king's unrest.
Oh, the bashful years in which he made the songs and hoarded them,
By the other shepherd lads all unguessed.

David's song is in a book, for stupid folk to bow before,
Folk who think it wisdom, which is only lovely song.
You are kin to him, you see beauty in a little moon,
In branches bent to lash you, with each faint gray thong.

David, when he found his songs — did he use to practice them
For a little shepherd maid who marveled at each line?
When he left his humble task, and drew the king from weariness —
She who heard the songs first, was her pride like mine?

A SONG OF SOLOMON

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

King Solomon was the wisest man
Of all that have been kings.
He built an House unto the Lord ;
And he sang of creeping things.

Of creeping things, of things that fly,
Or swim within the seas ;
Of the little weed along the wall,
And of the cedar trees.

And happier he, without mistake,
Than all men since alive.
God's House he built ; and he did make
A thousand songs and five.

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel ;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
The solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three sapks bear the Holy Grail;

With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swell up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
"O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

HOW OSWALD DINED WITH GOD

EDWIN MARKHAM

Over Northumbria's lone, gray lands,
Over the frozen marl,
Went flying the fogs from the fens and sands,
And the wind with a wolfish snarl.

Frosty and stiff by the gray York wall
Stood the rusty grass and the yarrow :
Gone wings and song to the southland, all —
Robin and starling and sparrow.

Weary with weaving the battle-woof,
Came the king and his thanes to the Hall :
Feast-fires reddened the beams of the roof,
Torch flames waved from the wall.

Bright was the gold that the table bore,
Where platters and beakers shone :

Whining hounds on the sanded floor
Looked hungrily up for a bone.

Laughing, the king took his seat at the board,
With his gold-haired queen at his right :
War-men sitting around them roared
Like a crash of the shields in fight.

Loud rose laughter and lusty cheer,
And gleemen sang loud in their throats,
Telling of swords and the whistling spear,
Till their red beards shook with the notes.

Varlets were bringing the smoking boar,
Ladies were pouring the ale,
When the watchman called from the great hall door :
"O King, on the wind is a wail.

"Feebly the host of the hungry poor
Lift hands at the gate with a cry :
Grizzled and gaunt they come over the moor,
Blasted by earth and sky."

"Ho!" cried the king to the thanes, "make speed —
Carry this food to the gates —
Off with the boar and the cask of mead —
Leave but a loaf on the plates."

Still came a cry from the hollow night :
"King, this is one day's feast ;
But days are coming with famine-blight ;
Wolf winds howl from the east!"

WITH THE IMMORTALS

Hot from the king's heart leaped a deed,
High as his iron crown :
(Noble souls have a deathless need
To stoop to the lowest down.)

"Thanes, I swear by Godde's Bride
This is a cursèd thing —
Hunger for the folk outside,
Gold inside for the king!"

Whirling his war-ax over his head,
He cleft each plate into four.
"Gather them up, O thanes," he said,
"For the workfolk at the door.

"Give them this for the morrow's meat,
Then shall we feast in accord :
Our half a loaf will then be sweet —
Sweet as the bread of the Lord!"

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

ALFRED NOYES

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through
the dark!

For his eye was growing mellow
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Chorus. — Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch
in the dark!

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly
shoulders

Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous
glow,

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below?

Were they pines among the boulders

Or the hair upon his shoulders?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.

Chorus. — We were simply singing seamen, so of course we
couldn't know.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire ;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire ;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,

Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depths of
our desire !

Chorus. — And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can
admire !

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,

Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half
regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil — only bigger — drawing near us with a frown !

Chorus. — Like the devil — but much bigger — and he wore
a golden crown !

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,
 "Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"
 "What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind
 being haunted,
 Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester
 John!

Will ye walk into my palace?

I don't bear 'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"

Chorus. — So we walked into the palace and the halls of
 Prester John!

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby,
 Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!

And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
 And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly

Was to walk along politely

Just as if you didn't notice — so I couldn't help but laugh!

Chorus. — For they both forgot their manners and the crew
 was bound to laugh!

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner.

We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud —

"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner
 Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;

And the skipper, swaying gently

After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very
 proud!"

Chorus. — And we drank his health with honors, for he *done*
 us *very* proud!

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated
seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!

When his hundred years expire

Then he'll set hisself a-fire

And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"

Chorus. — With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful
to see!

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!

The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever

With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!

While *your* hearts are growing colder,

While your world is growing older,

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the
sky."

Chorus. — It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o'
song is dry!

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us,—

First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and
eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner

Which was hard because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat of high degree!

Chorus. — Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole
menargeree!

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the
dark!

And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through
the dark.

Chorus. — Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and
yellow through the dark!

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by — here again we
pondered —

A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago.

Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that followed?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't
know!

Chorus. — We were simple singing seamen, so of course we
could not know.

THE DEAD NAPOLEON

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Tell me what we find to admire

In epaulets and scarlet coats,

In men because they load and fire,

And know the art of cutting throats?

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder, in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

SANTA FILOMENA

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

WITH THE IMMORTALS

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

DICKENS IN CAMP

BRET HARTE

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew ;
The cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round the shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pines and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills!

And on the grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

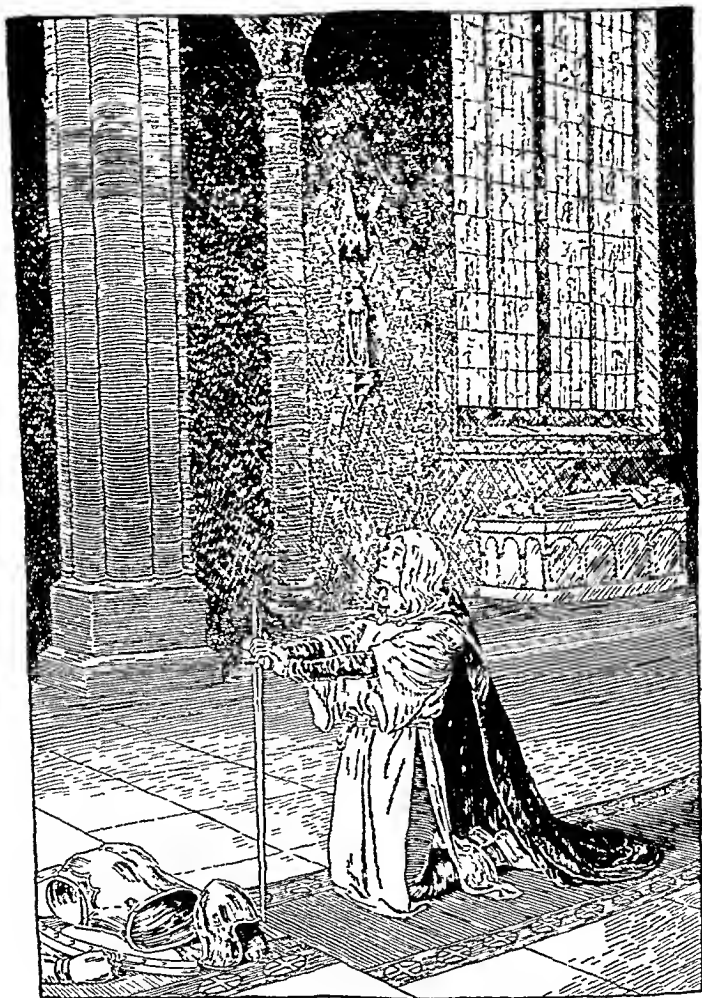
REQUIEM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

PLAYING THE GAME



"THROUGH THE LONG DARK I WATCH AND WAKE
BESIDE MY ARMOR BRIGHT." (PAGE 324)

LIFE, A QUESTION

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Life? and worth living?
Yes, with each part of us —
Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us, heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us, senses and soul of us.
Is life worth living?
Aye, with the best of us,
Heights of us, depths of us, —
Life is the test of us!

ODE

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,

PLAYING THE GAME

And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory :
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself with our mirth ;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth ;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

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A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Glad that I live am I ;
 That the sky is blue ;
 Glad for the country lanes,
 And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
 After the rain the sun ;
 This is the way of life,
 Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
 Be we low or high,
 Is to see that we grow
 Nearer the sky.

NAVAJO PRAYER

EDWARD YFOMANS

Lord of the Mountain
Reared within the Mountain,
Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain,
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet from slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men
Hear a prayer for straightness.
Hear a prayer for courage.
Lord of the thin peaks
Reared among the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands,
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

PLAYING THE GAME

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

JOAQUIN MILLER

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

O great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

O great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet fights on,
Lo, he is twin-brother of mine!

THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE

JOHN KEBLE

We scatter seeds with careless hands,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful shore.

The deeds we do, the words we say, —
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last, —
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

WHAT IS GOOD?

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"*Pleasure,*" said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

THE CUP BESIDE THE SPRING

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Leave by the road a rose,
A goblet by the spring,
For every pilgrim knows
That every path he goes
Will other pilgrims bring —
And some, perhaps, a rose will need,
A cooling cup, a kindly deed.

Leave by the spring a glass,
A rose beside the road,
For other pilgrims pass,
Yes, many a lad and lass
Grown weary with life's load,
Who need the roses still to find,
A cup to tell them men are kind.

Leave by the road of years
Your roses all along,
Some memory that cheers
In someone's time of tears,
For times when things go wrong —
Yes, in your happier moments leave
A cup, a rose, for those who grieve.

Some little rock remove,
Some crooked path make straight —
Some little act to prove
That there are those who love
As there are those who hate,

That someone thought to leave a cup,
A rose to cheer, a place to sup.

Leave something day by day
By every road you tread,
That other souls may say,
"A friend has passed this way,
Yes, someone walks ahead
Who on the purple heights will stand
And give us hail, and give us hand."

Gather the gold you will,
But leave the rose to gleam,
A staff below the hill,
A log across the rill,
A goblet by the stream —
For God will think your richest thing
The cup you left beside the spring.

CANDLE-LIGHTING SONG

ARTHUR KETCHUM

I have three candles in my room
Slender and long and white,
Their tips are buds of fire bloom
That blossom every night.

And one I light for memory,
All steady as a star;
And one burns clear for days to be,
And one for days that are.

PLAYING THE GAME

I have three candles in my room
Slender and tall and fair ;
And every one a fire bloom,
And every one a prayer.

LIGHTS

MABEL CLELAND LUDLUM

There are happy lights and lonely lights
That seem to call to me,
And white, far-reaching, warning lights
That shine across the sea.

The twinkling lights of villages,
The steady lights of town,
The red and amber signal lights,
Like jewels in a crown.

The square-faced, tall, old lamp-post lights,
And misty lights through rain,
And at the shrines the candle lights,
To soothe poor souls in pain.

I think that in some heaven house,
Behind some jasper door,
The light my mother trims for me
Makes shadows on the floor.

A TIME TO TALK

ROBERT FROST

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse down to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

JOYCE KILMER

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track,
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and
black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for
a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody
in it.
I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such
things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth, and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, but I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the
grass.

It needs new paint and shingles, and the vine should be trimmed
and tied,

But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be,
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to
them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that
has sheltered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh, and held up his
stumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight when it's left alone, that ever your eyes
could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track,
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at a crumbling roof and the shutters
fallen apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a
broken heart.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

ALFRED TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

PLAYING THE GAME

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

THE EARTH AND MAN

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

A little sun, a little rain,
 A soft wind blowing from the west —
And woods and fields are sweet again,
 And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
 So quick with love and life her frame :
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
 And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream —
And life as dry as desert dust
 Is fresher than a mountain stream.

PLAYING THE GAME

So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy :
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWIN MARKHAM

In an old city by the storied shores
 Where the bright summit of Olympus soars,
 A cryptic statue mounted towards the light —
 Heel-winged, tiptoed, and poised for instant flight.

"O statue, tell your name," a traveler cried,
 And solemnly the marble lips replied :

"Men call me Opportunity: I lift
 My wingèd feet from earth to show how swift
 My flight, how short my stay —
 How fate is ever waiting on the way."

"But why that tossing ringlet on your brow?"

"That men may seize me any moment: *Now*,
Now is my other name: to-day my date:
 O traveler, to-morrow is too late!"

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords

Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!" he snapped and flung it from his hand
And lowering, crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

ROMANCE

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Romance with firm and eager tread
Walked at his shoulder;
He never turned his rapt, poetic head
Once to behold her.

He sought her in the skies, in dreams,
In mystic meadows;
He plunged through myths and lost her face in gleams,
Clasping her shadows.

"It is this age," he cried; "these things
Blind and bewilder!
Weep for Romance, with frail and trembling wings;
This world has killed her."

PLAYING THE GAME

And still he seeks her, warm or dead —
The quest enthralling!
And still Romance, with strong and tireless tread
Follows him calling. . .
Calling. . .

BARTER ¹

SARA TEASDALE

Life has loveliness to sell :
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell :
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost ;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

¹ From Sara Teasdale's "Love Songs." Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE PORT O' HEART'S DESIRE

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY

Down around the quay they lie, the ships that sail to sea,
On shore the brown-cheeked sailormen they pass the jest
with me,
But soon their ships will sail away with winds that never tire,
And there's one that will be sailing to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

The Port o' Heart's Desire, and it's, oh, that port for me,
And that's the ship that I love best of all that sail the sea;
Its hold is filled with memories, its prow it points away
To the Port o' Heart's Desire, where I roamed a boy at play.

Ships that sail for gold there be, and ships that sail for fame,
And some were filled with jewels bright when from Cathay they
came,

But give me still yon white sail in the sunset's mystic fire,
That the running tides will carry to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

It's you may have the gold and fame, and all the jewels, too,
And all the ships, if they were mine, I'd gladly give to you,
I'd give them all right gladly, with their gold and fame entire,
If you would set me down within the Port o' Heart's Desire.

Oh, speed you, white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to
the sea,

Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me ;
Come back with all the memories, the joys and e'en the pain,
And take me to the golden hills of boyhood once again.

A LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

PLAYING THE GAME

It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence
 As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 Which came from the soul of the organ,
 And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again, —
 It may be that only in Heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddie-gray, an' a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that ;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !



"O YOUTH WITH BLOSSOMS LADEN"

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

O Youth with blossoms laden,
Hast not a rose for Age,
A bit of bloom to brighten
A lonely pilgrimage?

O Youth with song and laughter,
Go not so lightly by.
Have pity — and remember
How soon thy roses die!

SONG

ROBERT LOVEMAN

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
What though about thee
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way,
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

ANGELA MORGAN

I sing the song of a new Dawn waking,
A new wind shaking the children of men.
I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking
Shall leap with gladness and live again.
Over the woe of the world appalling,
Wild and sweet as a bugle cry,
Sudden I hear a new voice calling —
"Beauty is nigh!"

PLAYING THE GAME

Beauty is nigh! Let the world believe it.

Love has covered the fields of dead.

Healing is here! Let the earth receive it,

Greeting the Dawn with lifted head.

I sing the song of the sin forgiven,

The deed forgotten, the wrong undone.

Lo, in the East, where the dark is riven,

Shines the rim of the rising sun.

Healing is here! O brother, sing it!

Laugh, O heart, that has grieved so long.

Love will gather your woe and fling it

Over the world in waves of song.

Hearken, mothers, and hear them coming —

Heralds crying the day at hand.

Faint and far as the sound of drumming,

Hear their summons across the land.

Look, O fathers! Your eyes were holden —

Armies throng where the dead have lain.

Fiery steeds and chariots golden —

Gone is the dream of soldiers slain.

Sing, O sing of a new world waking,

Sing of creation just begun.

Glad is the earth when morn is breaking —

Man is facing the rising sun!

"AWAKE! AWAKE!"

JOHN RUSKIN

Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet grey :
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates of
Day ;

Throw open wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets
be free,

The morning watch is past — the watch of evening shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to
dust :

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better
trust ;

Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,—
A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops in-
crease :

They come! they come! — how fair their feet — they come
that publish peace!

Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies' and ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with
flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile,

And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the
nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of
rest,
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his
breast, —
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall
be
And the wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the seal

THE VIGIL

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Through the long dark I watch and wake
Beside my armor bright,
For tomorrow's dawning sun shall make
Me, too, a belted knight.

The silent hours drag slow and long,
The chapel floor is cold,
My weary eyes are faint, but strong
My heart to win and hold.

No kin may help, no friend draw nigh,
And all the world's asleep;
For this one night my soul and I
Alone must vigil keep.

Yet through yon oriel's tinted wheel,
Of stars a silent throng
Watch over me and wish my weal, —
Knights who were brave and strong.

In silver armor clad, like mine,
They throng the blessed field,
Bright on my helm and corselet shine,
And bless my sword and shield.

They nobly strove in war's alarms,
They died to keep their vow;
But first they watched to win their arms,
As I am watching now.

May their noblesse me too inspire,
Who long like them to fight
When I, who now am but a squire,
Shall rise a belted knight.

"HOLD FAST YOUR DREAMS!"

LOUISE DRISCOLL

Hold fast your dreams!
Within your heart
Keep one, still, secret spot
Where dreams may go,
And sheltered so,
May thrive and grow —
Where doubt and fear are not.
O keep a place apart,
Within your heart,
For little dreams to go!

PLAYING THE GAME

Think still of lovely things that are not true.
Let wish and magic work at will in you.
Be sometimes blind to sorrow. Make believe!
Forget the calm that lies
In disillusioned eyes:
Though we all know that we must die,
Yet you and I
May walk like gods and be
Even now at home in immortality!

We see so many ugly things —
Deceits and wrongs and quarrelings;
We know, alas! we know
How quickly fade
The color in the west,
The bloom upon the flower,
The bloom upon the breast,
The youth's blind hour.
Yet, keep within your heart
A place apart
Where little dreams may go,
May thrive and grow.
Hold fast — hold fast your dreams!

STUDY HELPS

INTRODUCTORY POEM

"THEY HAD NO POET"

This poem is the development of a couplet from Alexander Pope:

Vain were the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.

Notice how the modern poet verifies this truth by historical examples.
What historical race and era is suggested by each stanza?

In what part of the world does this poet locate "the cradle of civilization"?

What proofs have we that these lost civilizations did not meet with complete oblivion?

What relics of early tribal life in America have you seen?

Which arts enshrine in permanent form the great deeds of the past?

Is poetry a more lasting form than music, painting, sculpture, or any other art? How can you prove your answer?

Why is the poet able to recall the past, interpret the present, and foresee the future?

What makes this poem suitable for an introduction to the book?

Keep this poem in mind as you read through the volume. As you find them, make a list of noble deeds which would have been lost in oblivion if the poet had not immortalized them.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

A HOME SONG

The two quoted lines which "starred the page" come from a poem, "To Althea from Prison," by Richard Lovelace, a seventeenth-century poet.

What has the recent poet added to the thought of the earlier poet?

What makes a *house* become a *home*?

What part may each member of the family take in making such a change?

INSCRIPTIONS FOR A HOUSE

doorstead: doorstep.

How is each of these inscriptions suited to the special part of the house for which it is planned?

What will give permanence to the house?

What will the doorstep keep out? What will it admit?

How does the blazing hearth give out courage?

What is meant by our outliving the shadows on the sundial?

Try to write a brief suitable inscription in verse for the library, the guest room, or any other part of the house not described here.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Longfellow has often been called the Children's Poet and the Poet of the Fireside. In this poem he gives a true picture of his home life in Craigie House, Cambridge, where he lived for many years. Later his three daughters lived in three neighboring houses.

Mouse-Tower: According to legend Archbishop Hatto was eaten by mice while imprisoned there in 969.

How does the title fit the poem?

To what does Longfellow compare his study? his chair? his children?

Would it be a punishment to be kept forever in Longfellow's dungeon?

THE CHILD

What is the thread of story on which the poem is built?

Describe the scene of the incident.

What does it tell you about the life and nature of the passer-by?

How could the child's touch make "the whole day sweet"?

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Whom do you picture telling this story? Describe the listeners.

What position in the household did Annie occupy?

What childhood superstitions are retold here?

What did Annie know about those things that lived "under the open sky"?

What good advice did she give?

Why are the four groups of words at the end of each stanza printed separately? Try to imitate Annie's way of saying them.

What does dialect add to this story?

Why is the poem so universally popular?

A NEW POET

urus: a long-horned wild ox of ancient times.

In this poem who is speaking? about whom?

In what two ways are these two alike? How do they differ?

How does the writing of this new poet resemble the writing of primitive man?

What has each poet done to make "the angels smile"?

FROLIC?

Notice how the first two stanzas make an unusual comparison.

How does the game played by the sun resemble that of the children?

Can you give any proof that the sun does chase the moon?

CIRCUS-DAY PARADE?

Why does this poem begin with music?

Is there anything described here that we do not see in circus parades today?

How are you made to feel the spirit, the fun, and the joy of the parade?

Why is the first stanza repeated?

Make a list of the picture words such as "graceless-graceful stride" and "hungry hearts."

See if you can make an addition to the parade in a descriptive stanza of your own. Make the words vivid and dancing like Riley's.

HOLY THURSDAY

On Holy Thursday, the day before Christ's crucifixion, he partook of the Last Supper with his twelve apostles. Often one part of the observance of this day is a procession of children through the church aisles.

Picture St. Paul's Cathedral as the poet saw it.

In what different ways did the children resemble flowers and lambs?

What songs might the children have been singing that day?

How is the closing line connected with the thought of the rest of the poem?

"THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND"

Why are the fairies said to be poor? What wealth do they have? How can they be both poor and rich at the same time?

Do you picture the fairies as young or old? How can they be both of these at the same time?

What is the song that the fairies have sung throughout the centuries? (Compare with Peter Pan.)

What gives special melody to the third line of each stanza?

ROMANCE

Popocatepetl: an active volcano in Mexico.

What were all the sights which stole away the heart of the boyish traveler?

Why was he speechless with the "gold dark boy"?

How did he reach this land of romance?

AN ANCIENT TOAST

Try to add another stanza in the same verse form, or a paragraph, showing what Stanley or any other guest felt on hearing Saint Leon's reply.

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS

What are all the scenes and joys of childhood days which his mother's song recalls to the poet?

What different feelings are also a part of these memories?

What different feelings of the mother are shown in her song?

Why does eventide so often make us thoughtful, "charged with memory"?

MARGERY MAKETH THE TEA

What feelings does this poem give us as we gather around an open fireplace on a stormy night?

What in each stanza makes us glad to be safely indoors?

What does the insistent song of the kettle add to this cozy feeling?

ARMENIAN SONG

Armenia: a country in the northeast part of Asia Minor.

What picture of the Armenian mother does this poem give?

Why does her song keep the feet from following the urge of the red shoes? What song does she sing?

What Armenian music do you know?

CHANTICLEER

- Why does the poet love Chanticleer more than any of the singing birds?
 What beautiful word pictures of dawn do you find in this poem?
 Justify Chanticleer's right to his title "the flower of all the feathered flock."
 Compare this poem with the series of poems on birds found in "The Magic World" section. Why is it not placed in that section?
 For the legend that tells why the cock (Alectryon) crows at dawn, see "Pegasus in Pound" (p. 272).

THE STOWAWAY CAT

- Why are the airplane crew called "conquerors of the air" and "near-gods"?
 Why is the cat called a charioteer?
 What suggestion is given as to why the cat might not have been afraid?
 In any of the great airplane flights have any pets been on board?

FOR BOB: A DOG

- What playful, active things was this dog always doing?
 What pictures of him will his owner always carry in mind?
 Write a similar account of one of your own pets.

THE JOY OF WORK

"I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOUGHING"

Analyze the thought of this poem by filling out a form like that below:
 Under each of the three stanzas, on ploughing, sowing, and reaping, fill in the color of the field, the name of the birds who "come flocking," etc.

	PLOUGHING	SOWING	REAPING
Color of field			
Flocking birds			
Listeners			
Songbird			

What is the central theme which binds these three stanzas into a unified whole?

"WHAT DO WE PLANT?"

Each stanza begins with the same question; the rest of that stanza answers it. Find the three answers or the most important item in each.

How do we, by planting a tree, plant all the things named? By cutting down a tree, how do we destroy them?

What various kinds of trees should be planted to produce the woods needed for these purposes?

What are some of the ways in which all of us can help to preserve trees?

COROMANDEL FISHERS

Coromandel: the southeast coast of India, washed by the Bay of Bengal.

catamaran: a crude raft propelled by paddles or sails.

How do you picture the speaker? What do you imagine that the brothers to whom he is speaking are doing?

Find the words and expressions which show that this is a picture of East Indian life.

Select all the words which describe the colors on land and sea.

Notice the vivid comparisons, such as the wind at dawn compared to a sleeping child tired out with crying.

How does this poem express *joy* in work?

You will find an extra rhyme within some lines. Does this internal rhyme occur regularly? What does it add to the poem? In what other poems in this book do you find internal rhyme used?

Describe in your own words, or sketch, the picture you see in the last stanza.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

Find all the different things which tell the time of day. Are any of them peculiar to Greece?

What makes the night's repose so beautiful?

What joy do these shepherd boys find in their work?

Why cannot the reader find in "gilded books" the same delight as these boys find?

THE OX-TAMER

This poem is written in an unusual verse form. Notice its long lines, abrupt expressions, and breaks and pauses, the many repetitions of the same letter or sound in a line, and its free, flowing rhythm.

What method does the ox-tamer use? What does he use in place of a whip?

Explain the influence which changes the untamed bullocks into tamed steers. What do you think he does when he goes up to the animal?

Which does the poet envy more, the tamer's physical strength or his force of will?

THE SHOE FACTORY

Why is the work of the knot tier not the drudgery that she expected?

What is she doing as she repeats the refrain? What gives joy to her song?

What spirit helps to sweeten all the toils of life?

What pleasant rewards does toil bring?

Compare the joy of a worker indoors, like this knot tier, with the joy of an outdoor worker like the fishers, the shepherds, or the ox-tamer in the preceding poems.

IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL

What have these school walls seen? What secrets could they tell? How have they bloomed?

What are all the ways in which school girls may well be compared to beds of tulips?

BRIDGE BUILDERS

To what great engineering feats might this poem refer? What have they added to civilization?

What goes into the construction of bridges besides stone and steel?

What type of men are the builders?

In this poem what does "bridges" mean more than structures spanning rivers and chasms? Who are the builders referred to? *pioneers*

Prove that progress depends on the pioneers.

TO A POST-OFFICE INKWELL

What has the inkwell seen? What secrets does it know? What part has it played in the lives of people?

Try to picture the people who have used it. Write a description of one of them as he "scrawls his manuscript."

Write a conversation between the inkwell and the blotter.

STUDY HELPS

POSTMEN

Carved on the post-office building in the city of New York is this dedication to the mail-carriers:

Neither snow nor rain
Nor heat nor gloom of night
Stays these couriers
From the swift completion
Of their appointed rounds

Inscribed on the front façade of the Federal post-office building in Washington, D. C., is this inscription by Dr. Charles W. Eliot:

Messenger of sympathy and love
Servant of parted friends
Consoler of the lonely
Bond of the scattered family
Enlarger of the common life

Carrier of news and knowledge
Instrument of trade and industry
Promoter of mutual acquaintance
Of peace and good will
Among men and nations

-How do these inscriptions and the poem both prove the vital importance of postmen in our national life?

Have you seen or heard of anything which will prove the points in the poem?

Do you know of any occasions when letters have been of national importance?

Add a paragraph or a stanza telling something not described here, such as an experience of a "postman of the skies."

In what ways can we help postmen to make fewer mistakes?

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

Empress Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India (1837-1901).

Describe the native mail carrier as he starts on his route.

What obstacles does he meet and how are they overcome?

How does each citizen of us in a different way that the delivery of the mail must not be interrupted?

Notice how the narrative advances. What is the central picture in each stanza? As the rider hurries upward what changes in scenery does he pass? What signs tell him that day is coming?

Can you find any proof that he finds joy in his work?

How does his route differ from that of a rural postman in America?

SHOPS

Some people think of clerks merely as a part of the store. What else does the shopper in this poem see in them? Why are they more interesting than the various things for sale in the stores and stalls?

THE TICKET AGENT

What advantages does a ticket agent have over other merchants? What are his "pass-keys to the world's Romance"? What "are partners to his wizardry"?

What causes heart-stir in the names that he mentions? Is there more magic in them for the person who is buying the ticket than for the one who sells it? Where does the traveler plan to go?

What other work-a-day occupations also "deal in dreams"?

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

Why do we wish to see each of the places for which these "proud journeyings" are being planned?

In what ways is the agent the "minstrel of the great out-trail"? What are her songs?

Does her work bring her any real joy?

AN OLD LOVER

Picture the old sailor who is talking, the listeners, and the place where the story might well have happened.

How can "the god of speech" be "neighbour to our lips"?

How may a man's mind be like "a morning quay"?

Why does the sailor talk no more after mentioning the *Island Queen*?

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

What type of ship is described in this poem?

Why had the young sailor left home? What were his thoughts as he hauled in the frozen ropes?

What danger threatened his ship? Was the sailor afraid of the outcome?

How is this picture of Christmas at sea so strikingly different from the usual ones of Christmas?

Why did this sailor not heave "a mighty breath" of relief with the other sailors?

List all the terms which show that the author was actually familiar with sea life.

THE MAGIC WORLD

"I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY"

Would the same things which called the poet to go into the magic outdoor world lure you?

Why did he go laughing?

THE MAKING OF BIRDS

What happiness does the poet say that God found in making birds?

How does the poet show us that God has the "gift of laughter"?

How are birds like daisies and pansies? How do they differ?

Why were their wing feathers made so strong?

What gift has God given men through birds?

In reading this poem aloud, what is the spirit that you wish to express in your voice?

In the world of nature what practical part do birds play?

What other songbirds do you know besides the ones mentioned here?

How would the total destruction of birds change the world? How can we help to preserve bird life?

"HARK TO THE MERRY BIRDS"

List the signs of spring in order as they appear in this poem.

Where you live, are the signs of spring the same as those which this poet saw?

JOY OF THE MORNING

What is the wonderful secret which the bird sings to the poet's soul?

When does the poet have the same inspiration to sing?

What are both he and the bird trying to say?

Why can he not sing his feelings as well as the bird?

Why is it true that you *feel* dawn rather than see or hear it?

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

When a boy, Riley lived in a small Indiana town. This poem is written in the dialect of an Indiana farmer.

What kind of weather is described?

How does the poet contrast the tardy coming of spring and the frequent lapses back into winter with the suddenly glorious sunshine and the song of the first bluebird?

How does the background make the bird's song more effective?

Notice the humming sounds in "breezy, treesy, beesy." Notice also the musical lines and delicate beauty within the crude dialect.

Why would the farmer feel this beauty more than we might?

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

What were all the reasons why the Irish-American at first "whistled like a lad"?

What made him lose "the heart for singin'?"

How does the dialect make this poem more personal?

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

What is the special message in the song of this bird?

What is the reference to "Mary's lovely garden" with its "silver bells" and "cockle-shells"?

What human touch completes the picture in the last stanza?

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

Why does the sea-gull seem so out of keeping with the inland atmosphere?

List in one column all the inland scenes, and in another the scenes of shore life mentioned here.

What are all the causes that you know which might bring sea-fowl far inland?

THE PARROTS

What are all the things which set the poet's heart and blood astir?

What stirs you in a similar way? Try to describe it in a similar verse form.

TREE-TOAD

What colors do you see and what sounds do you hear in this poem?

What does it suggest to you of the appearance and habits of the tree-toad?

What musical sounds of nature are heard at night?

What thoughts do the song of the tree-toads bring to the sleepy child?

Write a few lines suggesting what Tree-toad might have answered to the child's good-night message.

THE SNARE

Who is talking? Where is the "little one" to whom he talks? Why can he not find it?

What has aroused the speaker's sympathy with the snared rabbit? Compare him with the man who set the snare.

What do you think he is doing as he talks? Do you think he will find the rabbit?

THE BROOK

It is probable that this brook is the one found near Tennyson's birth-place at Somersby.

Give in your own words the story the brook tells the poet.

Find the words which show the different sounds of the water.

What does the brook see as it goes on its way to "the brimming river"? Prove that the brook does "go on for ever."

Try to add a conclusion describing scenes which the river might see as it travels on to join the ocean.

Compare these English scenes with the scenes near any brook that you know.

WILD ROSES

Picture the surroundings against which the poet sees the "two lines of blushing roses."

How can the fragrant pink roses become a part of one's dreams?

What do the roses do that remind you of little girls at play?

THE DAFFODILS

In her diary for April 15, 1802, Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, wrote:

When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. . . . But as we went along there were more; and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these

stones, as on a pillow of weariness, and some tossed and reeled and danced as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing.

milky way: myriad stars clustered close together like a luminous river.

Notice that the poet did not merely look at the daffodils, but "gazed and gazed" at them. What lasting wealth did the sight bring him?

In what ways are daffodils like stars?

What mood did their springlike freshness, the mass of color, and the gay movement waken in him?

What are the chief treasures of your "inward eye"? Why should we store up these treasures in our "rooms of imagination"? What do we lose if we do not cultivate this habit?

THE LENT LILY

Lent: the forty days preceding Easter.

What flowers shall you find if you accept the poet's invitation to ramble on the hillside in spring? Do you watch for the same ones as the poet did?

Why is the daffodil so closely associated with the coming of spring?

What do you learn of the life span of the daffodil, or Lent lily, as compared with the primrose or the windflower?

THE PETRIFIED FERN

While this is a nature poem, it is also allegorical, suggesting a truth which applies not only to nature but to man. In glacial days, during a convulsion of nature, a fern was buried in moist clay, where it slowly turned to stone. Centuries afterward a "thoughtful man" found a rock bearing the perfect imprint of this fern, which seemed to have been destroyed ages before.

To what branch of science did the discoverer belong?

Where do you find a suggestion of promise for the fern?

Where do you find in this poem any suggestion that many people possess talents which are not lost but only hidden?

What common fuels have been formed through similar geological changes?

Of what recent archaeological findings of historic interest have you heard?

STUDY HELPS

A B C'S IN GREEN

The word "alphabet" comes from the Greek *alpha* (a) *beta* (b).

How can the trees be called God's alphabet?

What is his method of writing? Where is his page? Who reads it? Who listens while they read?

How can the gay-leaved trees resemble poems? (Compare Kilmer's "Trees.") How do these poems better us?

Who best can read "from the primer of the wood"?

Show how this poem connects with the following riddle:

Question. When is the best time to read the book of nature?

Answer. When autumn turns the leaves.

TREES

Of what use, or beauty, or inspiration may trees be to us?

Has the poet named any purposes which you might have omitted?

Show how the trees resemble us in our needs for food, water, air, sunshine, play, and love.

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

What is the promised glory of the hoary trees?

How do the falling blossoms resemble a cascade?

What makes the brooklet look like silver?

Try to feel the music of this poem expressed in its smooth, flowing meter and melodious repetitions. Do the three rhyming lines add to this melody?

THE APPLE-TREE

Make and fill out a chart like the following:

NAME OF ARCHANGEL	COLOR	HIS THEME OF PRAISE
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		

In what ways do the archangels resemble birds?

What elements are needed to produce the perfect fruit?

Notice again the joy and laughter of the angels. (Compare with God's "gift of laughter" in "The Making of Birds," p. 45.)

FOUR TREES

Why are four trees specified as guardians?
Describe each tree in its special functions.

FAMILY TREES

How is the pine tree compared to a person?
Is any tree of older lineage than a pine?
Why is each historical incident in this poem mentioned?
What part has the pine played in the history of the world?
Imagine that you are the stranger. Reply to the pine.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

This poem describes Jesus' last evening on earth, spent in prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. It sets forth in exquisite beauty the soothing influence of nature on man.

When and why did the Master seek the woods?
What influence had the trees upon him?
Why are the olive tree and the thorn tree mentioned especially?
What people are referred to as *they* in the closing lines?
What effect have trees on you?

THE STARRY HOST

In what ways do suns and planets resemble birds?
What does the telescope reveal to us about the number of the stars and their movement?
How does the last line of the poem apply to us?

FROM FAR AWAY

A WANDERER'S SONG

Moby Dick: a whale, the chief character in Melville's thrilling sea story of that name.

Where do you imagine the wanderer to be?
Of what sights and sounds has he grown tired?
For what sights and sounds does he long?
List these sounds in the order in which they will come to him.

TRAVEL

Who is speaking? How do you know this? What is his ambition?

To what different lands does he wish to go?

For him what is the chief lure of each country?

What series of pictures can you describe or draw to illustrate the places and scenes that he visits?

Why does Egypt appeal especially to his imagination?

What goods would hang in the market place of Eastern cities?

Trace his travels on a map of the world.

Add a few lines to this poem (using the same length of line and rhyme), telling of some other place which you dream of visiting.

THE CHILD AND THE MARINER

As you read this poem, over what parts of the world are you flying in imagination?

In what books have you read of some of the sights that this mariner saw?

Do mariners have more adventures and experiences than men of other occupations?

Tell in conversation what some traveler or hermit has told you, or what you would like to have heard from him.

Do you know a famous picture of a boy drinking in a sailor's tale?

THE LAST BUCCANEER

This poem is based on an old legend that a phantom ship appears in order to warn other ships in extreme danger. Here the nameless ship rides full sail alongside the last buccaneer to give its ghostly warning.

Cape Verde: a point off North Africa.

Salvador: the island in the West Indies where Columbus first landed.

Caribbees: a group of islands in the West Indies.

Clyde: a river in Scotland famous for its shipbuilding.

Sewern: the largest river in England.

Harannah: old spelling for Havana, the capital of Cuba.

Notice that in the second stanza the master of the last buccaneer speaks. The third and fourth stanzas give the reply from the nameless ship.

How do the opening lines foretell tragedy?

What is meant by "crew with eyes of flame" on the nameless ship?

What befell the pirate ship? Where?

What was the effect on merchant vessels?

This theme has been set to music (under the title of "The Flying Dutchman") in a grand opera by the great composer Richard Wagner.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

This selection is taken from "The White Company," an exciting historical novel of the days of chivalry, when archers formed the rank and file of the English army, and archery was the national sport.

What are all the materials needed to equip a bow?

What mark for the English shafts was "waiting over-sea" in the time of the "lion flag" (banner of Richard I, Cœur-de-Lion)?

What song qualities has this poem?

GOING UP TO LONDON

What attractions would call a stranger to London?

Why should the stranger mention London in a "casual way"?

Why did he never see the road that the speaker will take?

Why is April chosen for the trip?

How could the speaker describe in detail a city he had never seen?

Why would even the king smile on meeting the traveler?

What game of childhood does London Bridge suggest?

Describe the speaker approaching London.

How will his joy radiate to the throng?

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SHOE

The selection given here is part of a longer poem by the same name.

Why was the *golden* shoe a specially fitting sign for this cobbler's shop?

When might this story have happened? Where were all the pilgrims bound?

Why did pilgrims excite Kit as much as a parade stirs you?

When the father is always praising Saint Hugh, why did he name his son after Saint Christopher?

What joy did the cobbler find in his work?

How did the truth of the last line of the poem affect his life?

Sketch in words or with your pencil Kit as he dashed into the street or waited in the doorway of his father's shop.

SPANISH WATERS

Who tells this story? How has brooding over lost treasure affected him?
 What gives to this poem an air of mystery? Is it the time? Is it the location?

What is the effect of long, swinging lines, repetitions, and Spanish names?

What comparisons are there between this poem and "The Last Buccaneer" (p. 76)?

Try to feel the lapping of the waves as you read this poem aloud.

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA

Sevilla: Spanish form of Seville, the former capital of Spain.

Guadalquivir: a river in Andalusia, a province of Spain.

What various things give melody and color to this poem?

How many kinds of bells does the poet describe?

What shows us that Andalusia is a land of laughter and sunshine?

What words and pictures make the scene typical of Spain?

Are any similar scenes to be found in our part of the world? In what other countries can they be seen?

AMBER FROM EGYPT

What pictures of Egypt do amber beads bring to the poet's mind?

Can you think of some other country which has a certain color effect?
 What color best represents your own state?

In this same way talk about a Chinese vase, a cowboy's sombrero, or any other object typical of a particular locality.

A TURKISH LEGEND

legend: This word may mean a motto, an inscription, or a tale from the past. Which does it mean here?

Picture in your own words the Pasha and his city.

What legend does this poem tell? What truth underlies the story?

How might the city have been destroyed?

What words in this poem give it an Eastern atmosphere?

How are legends perpetuated?

What legends of your own vicinity do you know?

Try to tell one of them in this same verse form.

What lost cities do you know of? What ancient ones have recently been unearthed?

TARTARY

Tartary was an ancient Oriental monarchy in the central part of Asia. It was famous for its vast wealth and grandeur. Marco Polo, the first European to describe the East, writes in his "Travels":

"We saw courts and apartments ornamented with rich painting, carved work, and figurines of gold and of silver; flights of marble steps and glazed windows so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal; chambers containing gold and silver bullion, pearls and precious stones, and vessels of gold and silver plate."

A modern retelling of these adventures is found in "Messer Marco Polo," a magical romance by Donn Byrne.

Describe the four glories that delight the Lord of Tartary.

Where does the ruler's pride in his domain reach its climax?

Why were seven zebras used to draw the royal car?

What gives the poem its tone of self-glorification?

Are there any Lords of Tartary today?

What does the speaker want that he could not have in the United States? Should you want the same things if you were Lord of Tartary?

ALOHA

Aloha: a Hawaiian word of friendly greeting.

Where is the island described here?

Describe it as the poet sees it.

What makes it seem to be free from sorrows?

According to legend what was the effect of the island on the sea serpent?

What is the poet's wish for the future of the island?

What connection has the title with the poem?

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

What two contrasting pictures of tropical waters are given here?

What makes the South Seas so attractive? What famous writer made this part of the world his home?

Are there any differences between the tropical waters of this poem and the East Indian scenes of "Coromandel Fishers" (p. 26)?

Sketch the seacoast described here.

STUDY HELPS

THE HOMELAND

What unforgettable pictures are described here?

Why does the thought of one's homeland always tug at the heart-strings?

What other poems do you know built on the same theme?

THE CYCLE OF TIME

SONG

This poem is one of the songs from a longer poem called "Pippa Passes."

On her one holiday in the year, Pippa, a little girl of the silk mills, passed around the town singing. Unknown to herself, her four joyous songs, at morning, noon, evening, and night, influenced various people for good.

How do the various signs of spring convince us that "All's right with the world"?

THE MONTHS

Write a poem imitating the style of this poem, but use your own pictures. Include flowers, fruits, animals, birds, and any other features distinctive of each month in your vicinity.

CANDLEMAS

Candlemas: so called because the candles for the altar or other sacred uses are blessed on the feast of the Purification. In some localities this day is popularly called groundhog or woodchuck day.

What are the weeds called on to do?

Where are the furry living things asked to go?

When are the birds urged to come back?

Why is the title of this poem appropriate?

FEBRUARY SPEAKS

In what language does February speak?

In what parts of the world is February the coldest month? Where is it the hottest?

Does February lead the months in important anniversaries?

THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

An old-time rhyme tells us the signs of the zodiac by months, beginning with April:

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin, and the Scales,
The Scorpion, Archer, and He-Goat,
The Man who holds the watering-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

What is meant by the "belting zodiac" and the "pilgrim track"? Which months are meant by the signs of the zodiac mentioned here?

Why does the "year's awakening" come with spring rather than on New Year's Day?

WRITTEN IN MARCH

Wordsworth says that he wrote this poem while sitting by the side of a brook, enjoying a beautiful scene in nature. Notice how the swift movement of the short lines emphasizes the briskness and the bustle of the first spring days, as if the world were busy catching up after its long winter sleep.

Why are young and old, as well as the strong, working in the field?

In what battle has the snow been defeated? Where is it still lingering?

How should you know that the poem was about early spring even if the title did not tell you?

"SPRING GOETH ALL IN WHITE"

Name six white glories which nature wears in spring. What else should you have included?

What does white symbolize? Is it the dominant color in spring?

HARBINGERS

List all these harbingers of spring in order as they appear. Are there any of these that you do not see in your neighborhood? Are there any others that you do see? From this poem can you judge the part of the world which it describes?

What is meant by "grim old Winter takes a holiday" and "the debt is almost paid to churlish Winter"?

What blossoms of spring resemble sweet faces?

Why does spring make us want to "laugh and dance and sing"?

STUDY HELPS

WHO CALLS?

In this poem who are the two speakers?

What will make the city as fair as "country roads and blossomy apple trees"?

What joys of spring are seen in this poem?

SPRING IN THE SUBWAY

Compare spring in the subway with spring outdoors.

How did spring come into the subway?

Who might be the speaker in this poem? With what special gift must this speaker have been blessed?

SPRING SONG

Only part of "Spring Song" is given here.

What does the poet want April to do for him? Is this an unusual request? Would April be better able to grant it than some other month?

Notice how appropriate these expressions are: "mountain-prisoned rivers," "streaming hosts a-wing." Can you find others?

Notice how this poem quivers with the energy, freshness, and life of spring. In what lines is this effect best found?

SPRING SYMPHONY

What are all the different things that feel the pulsing life of spring astir in them? Do you know any others not included in this poem?

How do the sounds of spring suggest a musical symphony?

What is the real message of spring's awakening?

APRIL

In what different ways does April announce her coming?

In this lyric what does April foreshadow?

A GUEST SPEAKS

Picture the guest who speaks. Where must this speaker be? What are the things for which the guest longs?

Is there anything in your home or garden which might call you home from a visit?

THE THROSTLE

The throstle: The song thrush, found in most parts of England. It is one of the finest European songsters, having a rich, mellow note. Browning says of it:

That's the wise thrush; he sings his song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

Which lines give the bird's song? Which give the poet's answer to the bird?

What did the bird do for the poet?

How does the song of this bird resemble the song of youth?

IN JUNE

Write in parallel columns all the joys of June as the poet sees them and as you see them.

What is the central picture of each stanza?

Explain the slight change you find in the last two lines of each stanza.

SEPTEMBER

How do you know by the life of animals, by colors, by sounds, by flowers, and by atmospheric conditions that autumn is coming?

In what other ways do you know it? How does its coming affect your household?

Do swallows debate about their migrations?

THE FIRST AUTUMN

What signs of autumn do you find in this poem?

Explain the origin of the autumn colors as given here.

What other signs of autumn do you find in your neighborhood?

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

What charms has October that June lacks?

What different things give color to autumn?

Pick out all the things in this poem which appeal to your sense of sound, fragrance, color.

HOME THOUGHTS

Why is the author thinking of his homeland?

What distinctive beauty does he recall in each New England region?

What beauties are common to them all?

What makes this poet think that October is the most glorious month of the year?

How will he prevent himself from becoming too homesick?

Imagine that this poem was sent to you in a letter. Work out a suitable reply in either prose or poetry.

"I HEAR THE WOODLANDS CALLING"

Select all the color words in this poem.

What are the attractions of autumn that lure you to be "up and going"?

Show that this author was a close observer of nature.

How do the variation in length of the lines and the fact that the three lines of each stanza rhyme affect the poem?

WINTER STREAMS

What two contrasting pictures are presented here?

Select all the words which tell of the sound and movement of the stream in each picture.

Is there any strong contrast between this stream in winter and some stream that you know?

Try to add a stanza to the poem, giving a picture of a stream or river in summer.

GATES AND DOORS

Notice that the story is told in the first, third, and fifth stanzas and its application to us in the alternate ones. In the second stanza we are bidden to open the gate; in the fourth, to unlock the door; and in the sixth, to unbar the heart.

What door did the gentle hostler open? Why? What reward was his? How may we find a similar happiness?

What words carry out the comparison between doors and our hearts? How can we unlock our hearts? In what danger are we if we keep them closed?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Who sang the first Christmas carol? What were its words?
 What star is meant here?
 How is it possible to hear the Christmas carol every day? Who hears it?

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS

Where is the scene of this story?
 What was the message of the shepherds?
 How do you picture David from this poem? Ruth?
 Why is God no more a stranger?
 What effect will the coming of the kingdom have on man?

CAROL

Picture the waits who are singing this song.
 What is the story told in their song?
 How should the last line of each stanza be sung?

THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED

This poem shows us the opposite side of the picture usually presented of the shepherds watching their flocks on the Judean hills on the first Christmas Eve.

Where did the other shepherds go while this one watched? Why did he not go too?
 Was his sense of satisfaction as great as that of the ones who went?
 What were the outstanding characteristics of the shepherd who stayed?

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Stephen: the first Christian martyr. His feast is observed on December 26.

This familiar carol, dating back to the thirteenth century, was often sung by waits during the Christmas celebration. Now the descriptive passages are frequently sung in chorus, while the parts of the king and the page are baritone and tenor solos.

What gifts did the king and the page bear to the peasant?
 In the last stanza but one the king is called a saint. Why?
 How can each of us resemble the king?
 How can you tell that the poem was written a long time ago?
 Why is it still used as a Christmas carol?

THE NEW YEAR

This poem is part of a long poem called "In Memoriam."

The first stanza of this poem gives the scene; the following ones are divided between what is to be rung out and what is to be rung in by the chimes. Notice how the bells ring throughout the poem, falling with the old, rising with the new, and ending with a peal of triumph.

List all the different things which are to be rung out by the New Year.

What are all the different things which the Christmas spirit should ring into our lives?

How may we help to ring darkness out of the land?

What organizations are helping to ring in the New Year, as the poet sees it?

TALES NARRATIVE AND HEROIC

THE ADVENTURERS

General Gordon once said, "England was never made by her statesmen; England was made by her adventurers." How does the poet confirm this opinion? Only part of the poem is given here.

What two types of persons are contrasted under the words "they" and "ye"?

What characteristics must the author have admired in the "light-hearted pioneers"?

What famous men and women of both types have helped upbuild America?

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

This poem was written to burlesque the story of Leander, a Greek lover who swam the Hellespont, the forty-mile strait between Europe and Asiatic Turkey, to meet Hero. It is written in the style of the old ballads.

What makes the oysterman's decision to swim across the river amusing?

To what is the pale face of the girl compared? To what might the author have compared it if he had wished to appeal to our sympathy?

What scenes should you use to tell this story in pantomime?

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

This is the most spirited of several poems which Byron wrote dealing with Hebrew history. It describes the closing events in the expedition of

Sennacherib, King of Assyria, against King Hezekiah, in the seventh century B.C. Byron took his facts from 2 Kings xix, 35-37.

Notice the order of the poet's pictures:

1. The glorious onset of the Assyrian cavalry.
2. Their summer changes to autumn.
3. Their sleep turns into death.
4. The horses.
5. The riders.
6. The next morning — their power "melted like snow."



Notice also that the poem presents two pictures, — before the plague and after it. Where does the second one begin? What things are contrasted in the second stanza and in the fourth?

Reread the poem and tell the story from the opening onrush to the end with its intensely personal relations of the family and their religion.

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

This tale is based on an event which happened in ancient days when Philip was king of Macedonia.

Outline the story of the poem, following in order its scenes, characters, and events.

THE BELL OF ATRI

Longfellow and a group of his friends used to gather at the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts, where they would sit around a great log fire and tell stories. One of these friends was Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist; another was a patriotic refugee from Italy, who is supposed to tell this story. Recently this historical inn was purchased and is to be preserved as a memorial and museum of old colonial days.

Atri, like other ancient Italian villages, is perched on a hillside. Longfellow had seen many of them. Such little touches of local color and atmosphere as the shed over the bell in the market place, to protect it from sun and rain, the bolted doors and quiet streets during the afternoon nap, the chatter of the excited crowd and their childlike demonstrations are still noticed by travelers in Italy today. In spite of its medieval setting this poem, with its interest in humanity, fits admirably into the spirit of modern times.

How and why did the traveler mend the rope?

How does the proverb "Pride goeth before a fall" apply here?

In what one word is the function of the bell summarized?

Prove by examples that "fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds."

What has preserved the fame of this bell?

How does the reward given to this steed differ from that given to Roland in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" (p. 150)?

SIR PATRICK SPENS

There is vigor and simplicity in this masterly ballad, which dates back to 1400. Its setting is Dunfermline, a town near Edinburgh, Scotland, the seat of a royal palace where many Scotch kings are buried.

It may be based on a story that a Scotch expedition was sent to Norway to bring back the Maid of Norway, the granddaughter of the Scottish king Alexander III, to be the bride of the prince. This expedition was lost on the return voyage.

Why does the king need a skipper?

What conflicting emotions did the captain feel on receiving the king's command?

What signs of the weather showed that the trip would be perilous?

In what different ways are we told that the ship was lost?

What might have happened between the two main parts of the story, "The Sailing" and "The Return"?

What words in this poem have changed in spelling and pronunciation in the last five hundred years?

Find three types of evidence that this is an old, old story of Scotland.

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

Arnold von Winkelried was a Swiss patriot whose self-sacrifice decided the battle of Sempach, July 9, 1386, in which a large Austrian army fought against only thirteen hundred Swiss. A chapel now marks the site of this battlefield, and in 1865 a monument was erected to Von Winkelried at Stanz, in the canton of Unterwalden.

How did Von Winkelried save the day?

Why was his deed so necessary? What was gained by it?

Why was his battle cry more potent than an earthquake?

Compare his deed with that of Hervé Riel (p. 152).

What battle cries famous in American history do you know?

THE REVENGE

On September 10, 1591, six English men-of-war lay at the Azores waiting to intercept a Spanish treasure ship returning from the West Indies. Sighting fifty-three Spanish war vessels, sent to convoy the treasure ship, the English admiral, Lord Howard, withdrew five of his ships, leaving Sir Richard Grenville with the *Revenge* to take aboard the sick and bring up the rear. Tennyson wove several contemporary accounts into this historically accurate narrative.

Inquisition: a court for the trial and punishment of nonbelievers. It was exceptionally cruel in Spain during this period.

Devon: a county in southwest England.

Bideford: the village where Grenville was born.

Seville: at that time the capital of Spain.

What were the characteristics of this fight that made it so famous?

Why did the *Revenge* not go with the rest of the English ships?

Why is its end so fitting?

Find examples of the rugged bravery and the blunt speech of the English sailors.

What is the effect of the swift change from the long, swinging lines to the abrupt passages?

What incidents in American naval history might well have been a poet's theme?

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

This poem tells of an incident in the civil war in England (1642-1652), between the followers of King Charles I, the Cavaliers, and Oliver Cromwell's forces, called Roundheads from their close-cut hair. One of the Cavaliers, pursued by a band of Roundheads, is trying to outride them and get safely to Salisbury, a Royalist stronghold.

The details of this pursuit follow each other rapidly. List them in order, from the start at dawn down to Kate's last leap.

In what way does this poem resemble "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" (p. 150), and how does it differ?

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

Browning says: "I wrote this poem under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on a certain good horse York, there in my stable at

home." He dated it "16-," showing that he imagined it to be an incident in the struggle of the Netherlands for freedom from the tyranny of Spain.

Ghent: a city of Belgium, more than ninety miles from Aix.

Lokeren and the other towns mentioned lie on this road.

The speaker is the unnamed rider of the horse Roland. He is telling the story of his ride with his two friends, Joris and Dirck. Dirck, the rider of Roos, is the "he" of the first line.

The point of this poem is not from what the city of Aix is to be saved; that is not told; but it is the *effect* of the galloping lines gained through the hoof beats of the three horses, the excitement as two of them fall, and the relief when Roland, racing along at breakneck speed, stumbles in the market place.

When did the riders start? How did they note the passing of time?

During the ride when did the messenger see his horse for the first time? Why had he not seen him before?

What lines give the most vivid impression of haste? of endurance? of desperation?

Which lines imitate galloping hoofs?

Which lines show the speaker's love for his horse?

Why did the rider give "the last measure of wine" to his horse instead of drinking it himself?

Make a list of all the pictures flashed on us as the riders dash through the various towns: the gradual coming of day, the cattle against the rising sun, down to Roland resting his head between his master's knees.

What makes a horse ride so popular a subject with poets?

What similar rides in American history have been recorded in poetry?

HERVÉ RIEL

After William, Prince of Orange, came to the throne of England as William III, Louis XIV, King of France, fearing him, tried to restore James II. In this struggle the French were at first successful on sea; but in 1692, after a three-day battle, a large French fleet was conquered and scattered near La Hogue, not far from the mouth of the river Seine.

This historical event had been forgotten until Browning looked up the reports of the French Admiralty. In 1872 he published this poem in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The money which he received for it he sent to the sufferers in Paris, who were then besieged by the Prussians in the Franco-Prussian War.



Grève: a town where the river widens into the harbor.

Solidor: a fortress on the river Rance.

bell: often given as a prize for winning a race.

Louvre: the famous art gallery of Paris; its outer walls are decorated with statues of great Frenchmen.

Why did the local pilots refuse to guide the fleet?

What possible reasons for their refusal did Hervé Riel suggest?

Why was he so anxious to pilot the *Formidable*? What forfeit did he offer if he failed?

Was the reward worthy of the deed?

Is the poem as significant a memorial as a statue would have been?

Name other heroes of the sea.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

On October 25, 1854, in the battle of Balaklava.

During the Crimean War (see "Santa Filomena," p. 291) an English cavalry brigade, through someone's mistake, was ordered to capture a Russian battery. To do this the horsemen had to cross a wide plain swept by heavy gunfire. Six hundred and seventy horsemen unhesitatingly obeyed that terrible command, knowing that they faced death. After a twenty-minute battle only one hundred and ninety-eight returned. (The last survivor died in England in 1927.) Captain Nolan, who carried the order to the commander of the cavalry, was the first to fall. This incident would have been forgotten if Tennyson had not built from it a monument in verse.

It is recorded that the expression "Someone had blundered," in a newspaper despatch, gave the poet the idea and suggested the swing of the verse. The poem gained instant favor. "It is the greatest favorite of the soldiers — half of them are singing it, and all want to have it in black and white, so as to read what has so taken them. *The greatest service you can do* is to send it," wrote one of the English chaplains from Sevastopol. Immediately Tennyson ordered a thousand copies to be printed for them. "No writing of mine," he replied, "can add to the glory they acquired in the Crimea; but if what I heard is true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honor them."

Explain the three lines beginning, "Theirs not to make reply."

Which words are repeated again and again? Why?

Prove that this is one of the most glorious examples of heroism in history.

What words and phrases has the poet used to describe this heroism?

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Find lines which show the love of Roushan Beg for his horse.

Find lines which tell how he gained his wealth.

Describe his perilous position before his leap. To what does the poet compare the leap?

Who deserves the greater credit, the horse or the rider? Why?

To whom did the watching Arab give the credit?

How was the Arab influenced by Roushan Beg's conduct after the leap?

What other poems or narratives depict the close companionship between man and horse?

LADY CLARE

The idea of this poem was suggested to Tennyson by a novel, "Inheritance," whose heroine was a Miss St. Clair.

What two people were tested in this story? How?

JOHN GILPIN

In this celebrated ballad the author has made fun of a worthy old linen draper who used to have a shop in Paternoster Row, London, where he died in 1791 at the age of 98. One day when Cowper was depressed, a friend, Lady Austen, told him this story. He was so much amused by it that he decided to make a poem for others to enjoy, and the next day produced this ballad, which brought him great renown.

List in order of their appearance the various characters in this story, including the horse.

How long was the ride? How much time did it take?

How does the poet show that Gilpin was an inexperienced rider?

Outline his course, naming the towns and other points of interest passed.

Select the lines which give the humorous pictures.

How does the poet's language add to the humor of the poem?

What expressions show that it is not a very modern ballad?

What other amusing and entertaining poems have you read?

What American poets write humorous verse?

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

This romantic ballad gives a stirring picture of a Scotch loch, or lake, during a great storm. In olden days people thought that evil spirits lived in the lakes, and the scream of the storm was the evil spirit, or

"water-wraith," delighting in its work. Although written in modern times, this poem is singularly true to the spirit of old ballad literature, having a strong sense of action, rapid movement, and simple, direct phrases, and being concerned solely with the story.

Ula: a small island off the coast of Scotland, one of the Hebrides. A visit to this island suggested this poem to the author.

Picture in order of sequence the events narrated here.

Why is the lamenting father such a tragic figure?

THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES

Pyrenees: mountains lying between France and Spain.

beret: a boy's cap.

What was there about the traveler to make the dog show his teeth?

What proved that the traveler did not need to fear the dog?

Tell any experience of yours which shows a dog's fidelity.

As you read this dialogue aloud try to indicate the two different characters by the change in your voice.

THE BALLAD OF THE FOXHUNTER

Where did this story happen? Describe the country.

Who is speaking? How do you picture him in looks and dress?

Who is Dermot? Describe his looks.

How is the foxhunter's death characteristic of his life?

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

The entry in Longfellow's diary for December 17, 1839, gives us this interesting glimpse of his methods of work:

News of shipwreck horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus*. . . . I must write a ballad on this.

Of the actual writing he records:

I sat up till twelve o'clock by my fire, when suddenly it came into my head to write the Ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*; which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I felt pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas.

Why could the old sailor forecast the weather when the skipper could not? What were his signs? Why did the skipper ignore them?

What resemblances do you find between this ballad and "Sir Patrick Spens," p. 137?

KATE SHELLEY

This narrative is founded on fact. Kate Shelly was the daughter of a section foreman on the Northwestern Railroad in Ohio. When she was a young girl she lost her father. Afterward she and her mother lived in a cottage overlooking Honey Creek, near where it joins the Des Moines River. During the terrific floods in the summer of 1881 Kate, then eighteen, saw an engine going up onto the bridge and heard a crash as it sank into the creek. Knowing of the Des Moines train due to cross in an hour from the other side, she seized a lighted lantern and hurried into the storm, to warn the approaching train.

For her brave deed the rescued passengers offered her money, which she was unwilling to take; however, the school children of Dubuque gave her a gold cross; the railroad conductors, a gold watch; and the state of Iowa, a medal and \$200. The railroad company also made her the station agent at Moingana, where she had flagged the train. The new bridge which was built to take the place of the one that went down in the storm was called the "Kate Shelly Bridge."

What outstanding characteristics did Kate Shelly show?

How did she prove her heroism?

Of what similar rescues have you heard?

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

In what part of the world and when did this story happen?

Why did the old woman appeal to the abbot?

What did he offer to give? What did he give?

Why did golden candlesticks replace the silver ones?

What characteristics of the abbot does this poem show?

What line gives the keynote of the whole poem?

What is the resemblance between the gift of Tritemius and the gift of the Bishop to Jean Valjean in Hugo's "Les Misérables"?

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

From earliest days kings have been attended by a court jester. Dressed in varicolored costume, with cap and jingling bells, this fool enlivened

the court with merry jests or shrewd wit. Often under his buffoonery the jester was the wisest man of them all.

Why 'did the king order the fool to make a prayer? Did he expect the sort of one that was made?

Explain the different thoughts in this prayer. What effect did it have on both the king and his court?

Explain the action and the words of the king at the close?

How did both the king and the fool show greatness?

Do you know any places where wisdom may be found in disguise today?

ABOU BEN ADHEM

How does this simple story prove the great truth that only those who love their fellow men truly love God?

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

THE HIGH COUNTRIE

What is meant by the high countrie? What calls us there? What else might call you?

DAY

What do you think might have called the speaker so early on this particular day?

Where could you find a scene similar to this one?

What makes us know a day as ours?

How do the lines of this poem express vigor and zeal?

Why is enthusiasm for the opportunities of the day so important to each of us?

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

What in a spring day gives you an impulse to follow a road out into sunshine and fresh air?

~ This poem uses many color phrases like "sapphire day," "warm blue sea," and "long white road." Find all you can.

~ How does choosing a life work resemble choosing a road in spring?

~ What is the hidden meaning under the surface of this poem?

~ Why was spring the time when knights used to ride forth to adventure?

~ What different outdoor joys lure the modern knight of the road?

What makes this song so easy for us to sing as we swing along the road?

STUDY HELPS

IN BLOSSOM TIME

Why is the poet who has been waiting for blossom time happier than the flowers or birds?

What is there about the spring season that makes us wish to "sit at the Master's feet"?

How can a person who is busy with the routine of daily tasks sing "the song of the soul"?

What fills this poem with melody?

AN ANGLER'S WISH

Union Square: a park in New York City.

Vanity Fair: in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a fair depicting the world as a scene of vanity and folly.

Prove that the poet is more anxious to spend a day with nature than he is to catch fish.

THE SONG OF THE LIGHT CANOE

"This canoe," writes the poet, "belonged to Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor, and I paddled it under Eagle's Nest Bluff on the Rock River at Oregon, Illinois."

Which of these several pictures of canoeing appeals most to you?

At what time of day do you like best to be alone with nature?

HUNTING SONG

Describe the scene and characters.

Is the call to the hunt the greatest attraction?

How is this call for early rising made appealing?

Does such a scene still exist? Where?

RIDING SONG

How does the pulse of this poem make you feel as if you were on horse-back? To what horse pace is the beat of the verse parallel?

Contrast this ride with one in an automobile or on a train into the open spaces.

LONE DOG

What kind of dog do you see here?

What are the joys in which this dog delights?

Why would it be a tragedy to make this dog become a house dog?
What is the effect of the rhyming words within the line: "lean," "keen"; "rough," "tough"?

THE CLIMBING ROAD

What quest draws both the road and us onward?
What keeps us traveling on the road of daily tasks?

THE RANGER'S LIFE

Why does the ranger prefer the mountains to the market place?
How can you tell that he has found his proper life work?
Where are rangers to be found? What special gifts must a successful ranger have?

THE LURE OF THE TRAIL

patteran: a handful of leaves or grass thrown down by gypsies to mark the trail.

When is the trail most luring?
Do only gypsies follow the trail?
Could one with a gypsy strain be happy in a city occupation?

TRAIL SONG

What is the song that the hills sing?
What pictures show you that this man is a hiker?
Why do we want to shout and sing when we take the trail?

NATURE'S CATHEDRALS

Write in opposite columns the various points of similarity between a cathedral and a primeval forest.

Where may forests of "red-fluted pines" still be found?

Bryant wrote, "The groves were God's first temples." Trace this thought through this poem.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES

How does the music of the pines differ from the sounds of other trees?
When is this music most appealing? What is its effect on the writer on you?

SEA SHELL

Find pictures of sea-horses. Notice their grace and diminutive perfection, as if they were tiny models from fairyland.

Why do parrots and tropics go well together?

How can an island disappear?

As you hold a sea shell to your ear, what do you hear?

"TO SEA"

This song comes from a drama called "Death's Jest-book."

What has happened to the sailor who sings this song?

For what sights of deep-sea life does he long?

What hints are given of the cruise he plans to take?

In what way does his bark resemble an eagle?

What tales from mythology has he read?

What stories of lovers of the sea do you know?

"A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA"

What is meant by a "wet sheet" and a "flowing sea?"

How does this sailor's choice of weather reflect his character?

Select the words which give you the most vivid pictures of the sea.

THE SEA

Notice how these lines have the swing, or movement, of the sea.

What parts of this story may be taken from the author's life?

What different moods of the sea are pictured?

How does safety at sea today compare with that of a century ago?
What devices help to make this difference?

What proofs can you find that songs of the sea have a more rollicking, jollier tone than the songs of landmen?

What famous sailors might have loved the sea as this one did?

HASTINGS MILL

Why does the speaker in this story always choose this particular road to the mill?

What is meant by the refrain, "Shipmate, my shipmate!"?

Find all the things about a sailor's life which reëcho in the heart of the man going to the mill.

What hints are given that he does not care to stay long on shore?
Suppose that you are his shipmate. What news-can you bring him
or what reply can you make to him?

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

THE SHIP OF STATE

In this poem, a selection from "The Building of the Ship," the poet makes an extended comparison.

How can a nation be compared to a ship?

Who are the workmen? Who is the master?

What are the "anchors of hope" of the ship of state?

Did Longfellow think the foundations of the nation were firmly laid?

What convinces him that the ship of state will ride into harbor triumphantly?

Interpret this poem, line by line, in the light of American history.

How did the poet learn so much about ships? (Read his poem, "My Lost Youth," in which he speaks of the "beauty and mystery of the ships," and "the magic of the sea.")

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Kipling, in his inspiring way, has written many stories, both in prose and in verse, for young readers, who follow him eagerly. In this poem he speaks of the fundamental characteristics which help children to build "an undefiled heritage" for their homeland.

Find eight of these prime characteristics.

How can children prove their love for their native land?

How can they help build the ship of state?

How does the thought of this poem compare with that of Kipling's familiar poem, "If"?

"WHAT MAKES A NATION?"

How do "bounding lines" help to make a nation?

How does a nation's history help to make "a nation strong"?

What is the real keystone of national life?

What essentials of good citizenship does this poet name?

Can you suggest any essentials not mentioned here? Add them in another stanza to follow the third stanza.

COLUMBUS

The journal of Columbus's flagship, the *Santa Maria*, on its momentous voyage westward, carries these two interesting records:

Wednesday, October 10, 1492: Sailed west-southwest. . . . Here the crew could stand it no longer. They complained of the long voyage, but the Admiral encouraged them. . . . And he added that it was useless to murmur, because he had come in quest of the Indies, and he was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

Thursday, October 11, 1492: Sailed west-southwest, and encountered a high sea, higher than had been met with hitherto. . . . The Admiral at ten o'clock at night, standing on the deck, saw a light, but so indistinct that he did not dare to say that it was land. . . . Two hours after midnight the land appeared two leagues off.

Picture the unconquerable Columbus standing on the deck of his frail flagship, keeping his mutinous crew in check and his course unchanged, sailing on and on toward his goal.

Where are the Azores? the Gates of Hercules?

Who is the Admiral?

To whom did the mate repeat the Admiral's reply?

What dangers did the crew fear?

Why were they stirred to mutiny?

How is the perseverance of Columbus shown?

What was the "one good word" the mate wanted to hear?

Why is the morning of discovery called "Time's burst of dawn"?

What is the connection between "a light" and "a starlit flag"?

Why did not the poem begin with the starting of the voyage?

Why did it stop with the discovery of the light?

What was the "grandest lesson," which Columbus gave the world?

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

Queen Elizabeth was ruler of England from 1558 to 1603. When Drake, commanding the English fleet, defeated the Spanish Armada, the fleet of Philip of Spain, England gained the supremacy of the seas.

Discover what each "old sea-dog" did in his day. Trace his voyage.

Why is Devonshire associated with sailing?

Why are these Englishmen called "the first American sailors"?

What places in America did these sailors visit?

From what does our flag, the "banner bright," get its colors?

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

This spirited poem was written by an English poet in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock on December 21, 1620. It expresses in simple but impressive form their purposes and ideals.

On the three hundredth anniversary of their landing a memorial to their memory was erected at Plymouth. It bears the following inscription by Wilfred H. Monroe:

This monument marks the first burying ground
In Plymouth of the first passengers of the Mayflower.
Here, under cover of darkness, the fast-dwindling company
Laid their dead, leveling the earth above them lest the
Indians should learn how many were the graves.
Reader! history records no nobler venture for faith
And freedom than that of this Pilgrim band. In weariness
And painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and cold
They laid the foundations of a state wherein every man,
Through countless ages, should have liberty to worship
God in his own way. May their example inspire thee to do
Thy part in perpetuating and spreading the lofty ideals
Of our republic throughout the world!

Which sentence in this inscription expresses the same idea as the poem?

What different kinds of persons composed the pilgrim band?

What pictures do the first two stanzas give?

Why does the poet call their landing place "holy ground"?

What legacy have we received from these Pilgrims? How best can we safeguard it?

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

How do the pictures in this poem differ from the preceding one?

What things does the poet say have changed? What are unchanged?

How does the poet answer the question raised in his opening line?

Why is the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers so enduring?

THE RISING

This poem is founded on an event which occurred at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. The warrior priest was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, a native of Pennsylvania. His last sermon was on the duties which men owe to their country. "There is a time to preach and a time to fight, and now is the time to fight," he concluded as he stripped

off his gown, showed himself in full uniform and read his commission as colonel. He had his drummers strike up for volunteers, and immediately many of his congregation joined his regiment, the Eighth Virginia, which was noted for its courage and good discipline. At the close of the war he retired with the rank of major general, and afterward served for twelve years as a member of Congress and as a senator.

Concord: a name meaning "peace"; a contrast to the discord described in the opening stanza when this village "forgot her old baptismal name."
warrior David's song: Psalm 21.

What was the dramatic climax of the sermon?

What was the purpose underlying the priest's act?

NATHAN HALE

After Washington's retreat from Long Island he needed information about the British army. A twenty-one-year-old school-teacher, Captain Nathan Hale, a Yale graduate, immediately volunteered. After sketching the enemy's position and gaining other valuable information, he was captured on his return trip, and hanged as a spy on the morning of September 22, 1776. He died regretting that he had but one life to give for his country. An imposing statue of this hero stands on the spot in New York City where he was executed, and another on the campus of Yale University.

What unnecessary hardships was the sentenced hero forced to endure?

Why will the name of Hale burn on "Fame-leaf" and "Angel-leaf"?

MOLLY PITCHER

In the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, in June, 1778, the first encounter of the forces after the winter at Valley Forge, Molly Pitcher, a young Irishwoman, the wife of an artilleryman, played a notable part. As the day was intensely hot, she helped her husband by bringing him cool water from a neighboring spring. On one of her return trips she found that he had been killed by a bullet, and his gun was about to be taken from the field. Immediately she took charge of it and served bravely in his place during the rest of that battle.

Why was Molly on the battlefield?

Describe her dress as she appeared among the soldiers.

How was her deed of service rewarded?

Of what other heroines of history have you heard?

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL

Israel Putnam: a fearless general in the Revolutionary army; affectionately called "Old Put" by his men.

Describe Jennie at the opening of the story.

Why did the English soldiers stop at her mother's house?

Why and how did she plan to aid the colonel?

What adventures befell her on her ride?

How did her horse respond to the test put on him?

Why did the enemy captain praise her?

What difference is there between the ride of Jennie M'Neal and that of Paul Revere?

Are there any resemblances between this poem and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" (p. 150)?

FLAG OF THE FREE

What emotions stir us as we bare our heads when the flag passes by?

What more than the flag do we see?

What are the things which the flag makes dear to us?

OLD IRONSIDES

The frigate *Constitution*, built in 1797, knew fifty years of adventure, and carries the scars of forty-two battles in which she never saw defeat. Her fighting career had never been equaled by any single ship in the history of any navy. She was almost a navy in herself. The name "Old Ironsides" was won during her fight with the *Guerrière*. When the shot of the enemy, striking her hull, fell into the water, the cry rang out, "Huzza! her sides are made of iron!"

In 1830 she was condemned as unseaworthy, and ordered to be broken up. Holmes, then a young law student, saw this bit of news in a Boston paper. Immediately he scribbled these twenty-four lines and sent them to the editor. They were at once copied into the leading newspapers of the country; and in the larger cities they were circulated as handbills. Public sentiment, fanned to a white heat, forced the Navy Department to rescind its order. Congress then appropriated funds to rebuild her.

Again, in 1897, when it was proposed to use her as a target for the Atlantic fleet, she was saved from destruction by public protest; and again Congress partly restored her. For a third time she was saved, in 1926, largely through gifts from the school children of the nation. She

is now lying in the Boston Navy Yard, in use as a naval museum. An autographed copy of Holmes's triumphant protest now hangs in the captain's office of this weather-beaten, battle-scarred symbol of America.

What purpose inspired this poem? In what spirit is it written?

What is meant by "the meteor of the ocean air"? Who are "the harpies of the shore"? "the eagle of the sea"?

Find all the phrases that describe "Old Ironsides."

What does the poet say would be better than dismantling her?

Why were her victories so important to us as a nation?

Why should we continue to keep her on exhibition?

What is our individual debt to the writer of this poem?

THE PIONEER

Tell how the pioneer blazed his trail.

Why is his name forgotten?

What joy did he find in his work?

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

This song commemorates an incident of the Crimean War in 1855, when the British, French, and Turks were fighting the Russians. (See notes on "The Charge of the Light Brigade," p. 157.)

Crimea: a peninsula in the Black Sea.

Redan and Malakoff: forts in the outworks of Sevastopol, which was besieged by the Allies.

Severn, Clyde, Shannon: rivers in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively.

What was the picture each man saw as they all sang "Annie Laurie"?

Illustrate the truth in the last two lines by any incident from real life.

How did the life of the poet give him a sympathetic understanding of these men of many nations?

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

The poet, serving as an army nurse, frequently met Lincoln in his visits to the hospitals in the capital, and their admiration was mutual. When the President was assassinated, Whitman's volume, "Drum Taps," was practically completed, but he delayed its publication in order to include this and another Lincoln memorial poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

Whitman, like Longfellow, thinks of the Union as a "Ship of State." Who is the Captain? What fate befalls him, and at what state of the voyage?

What prize has been sought and won?

Note the pictures which contrast the emotions of the multitude.

How did the bells express these emotions? What is there in the form of the stanza that helps you to feel this contrast?

Which lines show most keenly the poet's personal grief?

Since this poem expresses a nation's feeling over a past event, what makes it still so vital and appealing?

What other tributes to Lincoln do you know?

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

In 1867 the poet read in a newspaper that some women of Columbus, Mississippi, had decorated the graves of the Northern soldiers as well as those of their own Southern dead. This gracious action, the inspiration of the poem, has since developed into a national ceremony.

inland river: the Mississippi.

laurel: the emblem of victory.

willow: the emblem of grief.

Why are roses and laurel used for the Blue, and lilies and willow for the Gray?

What lines in this poem help to heal the scars of war by giving the same honor to both sides?

How does the poem express the true spirit of Memorial Day?

How can we help to preserve this spirit?

What national experiences since the Civil War have welded us more closely as a nation?

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

From what poem is the opening quotation taken?

What two great events in national life are bound together in the celebration of the *new* Memorial Day?

How can we help to keep the twined wreathes in unfading glory?

THE FLAG GOES BY

What feeling inspires "Hats off"? Is it a command?

What does the poet say is seen when the flag goes by?

What historical events are referred to in the third stanza?

What movement in our history is meant by the "march of a strong land's swift increase"?

How does the flag "ward her people from foreign wrong"?

What incidents do you know in which the flag has been a protection to its citizens?

List six things of which the flag makes you think.

HEROES

The *Tuscania*, a transport carrying American soldiers during the World War, was destroyed by a torpedo off the coast of Ireland in February, 1918.

Why are these khaki-clad boys called heroes?

What is there in this tale that thrills us all?

SAGAMORE

What national importance has Sagamore?

Why is Roosevelt called "the Chief"? "the Eagle"?

Explain the line, "For one is dead — who shall not die."

Name some specific things that Roosevelt did which entitle him to be called "prophet voice" and "visioned eye."

Why is the author well qualified to speak intimately of Roosevelt?

What other tributes to him do you know?

THE BROOK THAT RUNS TO FRANCE

Dramatize this story by having two of your classmates read and act the parts of the maiden and her brother as they played beside the brook. Another student will act as interpolater, giving the connecting links.

THE AMERICANS COME

This poem describes an episode in France during the World War. The words have been set to music by Fay Foster. This song, dedicated to "America's Soldiers and Sailors," is a favorite at patriotic gatherings.

When and why did the American forces go to France?

Why was their arrival such a matter of rejoicing?

Who are the speakers? How do they describe our flag?

What gives this poem its intense fervor?

What did America contribute to this war?

"IN THE MIDST OF THEM"

Choose five of your class to represent this French family, while a sixth one, the observer, reads the lines within the parentheses.

UNKNOWN

Describe the pictures that you see here, either with a few vivid sentences or with a series of line sketches.

THE POPPY

In Greek mythology the poppy is an emblem of Ceres. Here it is an emblem of Mars. Trace this double significance throughout the poem.

Compare the thoughts in this poem with those in Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae's familiar rondeau, "In Flanders Fields."

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

What different races and nationalities form our nation?

What evil forces should our nation strive to avoid?

What qualities of a good citizen are implied in this poem?

Give all the proofs you can that this is a suitable poem to close the section, "Following the Flag."

WITH THE IMMORTALS

A BOOK

These few lines tell concisely how a book affects its reader.

What advantages has a book over a "frigate," or a "prancing steed," or any other means of travel?

Have you read any books which carry you away to strange lands or foreign places?

Try in a paragraph or a stanza to compare a book with a key, a gateway, or a window, or make another comparison.

"WHO HATH A BOOK"

How can a book be our friend, our wealth, our property?

How may its reader become a king? Where is his kingdom?

What influence may a book have on its reader?

ALADDIN

The story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and ring is found in The Arabian Nights. Aladdin lost his lamp through foolish exchange.

What did this boy have which is equivalent to the magic lamp?

How did he lose it? What do you think might have happened between the two parts of the story?

How are "castles in Spain" related to Aladdin's lamp?

What does this lamp mean to each of us? How may we succeed in keeping it?

SLEEPING BEAUTY

This poem is based on the legend of the maiden who slept for a hundred years, until she was awakened by the kiss of Prince Charming.

How does the sleeping maiden resemble an "April bud on winter-haunted trees"?

In this poem notice the effect of perfume, color, stillness, beauty, and the air of hushed expectancy. How are these effects given?

THE LOTOS-EATERS

This poem narrates an incident in the long wanderings of Ulysses and his men while they were returning from the Trojan War. In the opening lines "he" refers to Ulysses; "they," to his men.

Lotos: "lotus" in modern spelling.

What is the lotos? Where is it found? What are the effects on people who eat it?

Select the chief features of the land described.

What means are used to give a dreamy, languid atmosphere?

What arguments were presented to entice these strangers to remain in Lotos land?

As they sit dreaming "upon the yellow sand," what adventures do they dimly recall?

What is meant by their island home? Why will they not return?

In Homer's story how were these men rescued?

ARGUS

The poet sent this poem to his publisher inclosed with an interesting letter praising dogs.

Who was Argus? (See Classical Dictionary under "Io").

Why is "Argus" a good name for a dog? Why is it especially appropriate for Ulysses' dog?

What had happened to this dog during his master's long absence?

Is it true that a dog can live twenty years?

Give a personal illustration of the faithfulness of a dog.

ULYSSES

Homer ends the *Odyssey* with Ulysses' return to Ithaca after the Trojan War; but Tennyson imagines the old hero, after many quiet years at home, eagerly planning another expedition. This is a voyage of more than mere adventure. It is man's eternal quest for truth, gloriously expressed in the closing lines.

What is the difference between Ulysses and his people?

What do you learn of his past life?

How do father and son differ? What two types do they represent?

What is Ulysses' idea of the activities of old age? of youth?

Make a list of names of men and women of achievement who have shown the spirit of Ulysses.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

When Keats was about twenty-one, he and C. C. Clarke, a life-long friend, borrowed Chapman's translation of Homer and sat up till daylight reading it, "Keats shouting with delight as some passage of special energy struck his imagination." At ten o'clock the next morning the friend found this sonnet on his breakfast table.

Who was really the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean?

What is there in Homer's world-old classic to inspire a modern reader?

What other proofs of the benefits of reading have you?

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

Apollo, god of the sun, having displeased Jupiter, was forced to serve a mortal for a year. He became the shepherd of Admetus, king of Thessaly.

Underlying this story is the world-wide belief that at some time a god has lived as a man among men for the good of mankind. It also shows the way a poet may impress people during his life and afterward.

How do artists and sculptors usually portray Apollo?

Which of his characteristics does the poet emphasize here?

What were the differences between the people and Apollo?

What gifts had he which enabled him to find "the loveliness of things"?

What was the effect of his wisdom on mortals?

Why is Apollo called "the first-born brother" of the poets?

How did this shepherd resemble David? (See notes on the poem "David," p. 280.)

PEGASUS IN POUND

Longfellow knew well how to take a tale from a foreign classic and make it re-live.

Pegasus: a winged steed belonging to Apollo and the Muses. With its help Bellerophon was able to destroy the fire-breathing Chimæra.

Alcetryon: a youth who fell asleep at the post where Mars had placed him to give warning of Apollo's approach. For punishment he was turned into a cock. Ever since, he has remembered his duty, and crows to herald the rising of the sun.

fountain: Hippocrene, said to have been opened by Pegasus with a blow of his hoof. The Muses drank from it for inspiration.

Describe the village into which the winged steed wandered.

What brought the villagers crowding into the street?

What did they lack?

When and how did the steed leave the village pound?

What is the unfailing fountain which flows from his hoof-marks? How could it "gladden, strengthen, and soothe" them?

What underlying truth makes such a story live through the ages?

What do we mean when we say that we ride Pegasus?

Try to describe in a similar way the coming of an airplane to an isolated settlement.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

This poem, considered one of Mrs. Browning's best, makes it clear that nothing worth while is accomplished without suffering and sacrifice.

Pan: a Greek god of the woods and fields, especially of the flocks and shepherds. The upper part of his body was that of a man; the lower part was that of a goat. He made wild, luring music on his shepherd's pipe. Living a carefree, playful sort of life, he roamed the woods and hunted. Sometimes he and his followers, who were called satyrs, frightened people by their strange ways. From this fear of Pan the word "panic" is derived.

What has the poet added to the familiar picture of Pan?

How were "the pipes of Pan" fashioned?

What was the effects of his music on natural objects?

What change in the character of Pan was brought about by his instrument?

What other persons in Greek mythology are associated with music?

Read the poem the first time to get the story of how Pan made his reed pipe and of the havoc he wrought before the music came.

Re-read it for its deeper meaning, trying to understand the "cost and pain" that must go into "making a poet out of a man."

Notice also how well the lyric quality of the poem suits its musical theme. Notice the ending of the first line of each stanza; notice that the second and last lines of each stanza end with the same word. What other lines rhyme? How does this rhyme scheme add to the melody of the poem?

PAN IN WALL STREET

This poet believes that the great god Pan did not die with pagan worship, but that he, symbolizing the spirit of music, still calls us with his enchanting pipes.

Wall Street: a narrow street in old New York; the financial center of America.

Trinity: a historic church at the head of Wall Street and Broadway.

Syracusan, Trinacrian, and Arethusan: words referring to Sicily, a pastoral land where Pan and his music were held in high regard.

Who is the Pan of this poem? How does he resemble the Greek god?

Why is he found in the busy money market?

What was there in his music which made all types of passersby stop?

What "bulls" and "bears" are meant here?

Who are the people described under Greek names? How do these mythological names fit modern people? (For example: Why are the news-boy and the peanut-girl called fauns? Why is the army veteran called a Cyclops?)

What one line gives the keynote to the whole poem?

What financial centers in European capitals correspond to our Wall Street?

DAVID

David, the youngest son of Jesse, slew Goliath, the giant champion of the Philistines, who were the hereditary enemy of his people. In later

years David became king of the Israelites. He was a skillful musician, and many of his songs are familiar to us as the Psalms.

What was David's occupation as a youth, and what adventures befell him?

How did he spend his leisure? Why did his comrades not know this?

How did he soothe the king's unrest?

Why do his songs still appeal to all kinds of people? Which psalms are universal favorites?

A SONG OF SOLOMON

Solomon: the son of David; king of Israel in the tenth century B.C.

In what two ways did Solomon show his great wisdom?

Where do we read his "thousand songs and five" now?

SIR GALAHAD

This poem represents Sir Galahad as telling some of his experiences in following the quest of the Holy Grail.

Holy Grail: the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper with his apostles. The search for this cup was the coveted mission of King Arthur's knights, but to Sir Galahad alone was the vision granted. Borne uncovered on a beam of light, the Grail appeared to him again and again.

cock: According to an old legend the cocks used to crow all night before Christmas to drive away the evil spirits.

the leads: roofs; so called from the sheets of lead used as roofing.

What gave Galahad his strength and success?

Pick out the incidents which show his character.

Reconstruct the scene of each stanza. Bring out all the beauty which the poet describes.

What temptations did Galahad overcome that we must meet?

When reading this poem aloud, try to let your voice express its melody, its heroic ring, its mystery and wonder.

HOW OSWALD DINED WITH GOD

The author's note which precedes this poem reads as follows: "Oswald, 'the most Christian King of the Northumbrians,' was born about A.D. 604, shortly after the time of King Arthur. The moral power that

reached its height in King Alfred had its first dawn in the character of Oswald." The fame of this powerful king rests on his piety. He was one of the first early rulers to combine Christian mercy with kingly power.

Northumbria: one of the three great kingdoms of early Britain.

York: the capital of Roman Britain. (See "Ivanhoe.")

gleemen: minstrels, or musicians.

mead: a fermented mixture of honey and water.

What impressions of Northumbria does this poem give you?

How do the unfinished rafters, crude lighting, and sanded floor contrast with the rich gold platters?

Between the ninth and tenth stanzas food was carried to the poor. Why were they not satisfied?

How is the development in Oswald's character shown?

What has the story to do with the title?

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

This ballad is a recent version of an old, old legend found in the folklore of many races. It tells of a band of wanderers who meet with strange adventures on a mysterious island. Its keynote is weirdness and fancy.

Mogadore: an important seaport in Morocco.

Polyphemus: son of Neptune; one of the three one-eyed giants called Cyclops.

Prester John: a supposed Christian monarch and priest (whence his name Prester, which is an old form of "priest" or "presbyter"), believed to have ruled in the twelfth century over a vast and rich territory in Asia.

Beachy Head: a chalk headland in Sussex, jutting into the English Channel.

Phoenix: a fabulous bird. After living some five hundred years, it was consumed in fire, but from its ashes it was reborn again in youth.

What use does the poet make of the one-eyed giant?

How is the giant's eye explained?

What is the most humorous part of the sailor's experiences?

Why are the men not quite sure what has happened?

Compare the adventures of these men with those of Ulysses on Calypso's island or on Circe's island?

THE DEAD NAPOLEON

This poem was written on the occasion of Napoleon's second funeral, when his body was taken from St. Helena to Paris in 1840 and laid in its imposing tomb in the Place des Invalides. The author was an eyewitness of this historic event.

Napoleon Bonaparte: one of the world's greatest military strategists; a self-made emperor of France. After a series of brilliant victories he was defeated at Waterloo, and died in exile in 1821.

sons: heirs, or successors. This is a poetical use, for Napoleon had only one son, L'Aiglon, who died before he was twenty.

How does the poet differ from military historians in his estimate of Napoleon's greatness?

Explain how Napoleon's first burial place was "borrowed from his enemies."

SANTA FILOMENA

Having read in a newspaper that nine times as many sick and wounded soldiers died for lack of hospital care as were slain on the battlefield, Florence Nightingale left her home in England and went to the Crimea to improve conditions. Through her care thousands of men were saved. The grateful soldiers used to kiss her shadow on the wall as she passed on her night rounds. She was known as "The Lady with the Lamp," and also as "The Cheering Angel," because a sick soldier discovered that her name contained enough letters to make the sentence, "Flit on, cheering angel."

In the church of San Francisco in Pisa is a chapel dedicated to Santa Filomena. The picture over the altar represents her as a beautiful, nymphlike creature, floating down from heaven attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin (symbols of peace, victory, and war); beneath, in the foreground, are the sick and maimed who have been healed by her intercession.

Philomela: Greek word for nightingale. Longfellow was influenced by the resemblance of this word to "Filomena."

Why is Longfellow's title doubly appropriate?

In which three stanzas is the story found?

What is the connection between these stanzas and the rest of the poem?

Who is the American Florence Nightingale?

DICKENS IN CAMP

In 1869, not many months before his death, Dickens read in the *Overland Monthly* two of Bret Harte's stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and expressed to a friend his warm appreciation of their power and originality. A few months later, in July, 1870, Harte wrote this singularly graceful tribute to the memory of the famous English novelist.

Sierras: a mountain range in California; *sierra* is the Spanish word for "saw" and refers to the saw-edged appearance of the range.

Little Nell: the child heroine in Dickens's novel "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Kentish spire: Dickens's home was in Rochester, Kent, when he died.

How many different types of men do you find gathered around this camp fire?

How did the miners spend their leisure?

Is "The Old Curiosity Shop" a story that you would expect these tired mining men to enjoy?

What does the reader fancy that the trees are doing?

Why does the author call his poem a "spray of Western pine"? What does he mean by adding "Western pine" to "English oak and holly"?

What novels of Dickens have made him popular? Which one should you choose to read to a group of miners?

Where may such mining camps be found today?

REQUIEM

This epitaph, written by Stevenson in anticipation of his death, was carved by the natives on the boulder that marks his grave on the crest of Mount Vailima, on the Samoan Islands. It is also engraved on the Stevenson memorial plaque in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh, his native city.

Requiem: a musical hymn or service for the dead.

Why is he glad to come home?

Which line has the most appealing picture for you? Why?

Which lines show the poet's courage in death as well as in life?

What in the life of Stevenson makes this requiem especially fitting for him?

PLAYING THE GAME

LIFE, A QUESTION

In what ways is life a test? How can we live "with the whole of us"? What would our lives be like if we did not answer the question as the poet does?

How does this poem explain the title of the section? In what respects is life a game?

As you read the poems in this section see if you can discover the "rules of the game" which each contains. Determine for yourself what are considered "fair plays" and what are "fouls."

ODE

Nineveh: the ancient capital of the Assyrian Empire.

Babel: Babylon, the Assyrian city and tower where the confusion of tongues took place.

Pick out the expressions used to show the unique position of the poet in the world.

What effects have poets had on human progress? How can a poet build in the present and also vision the future? Name some poets who have been "movers and shakers of the world."

Explain the truth of the last two lines.

A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

What does this poem help us to see? to feel? to do?

How does life alternate like sun and rain?

Try to add one or more stanzas in which you sing of other reasons for being glad for life.

NAVAJO PRAYER

Where and in what posture do you see this young Indian boy?

Notice that he does not ask for wealth or glory. For what things does he plead?

How do these compare with the ideals of a Boy Scout?

How do they compare with the thoughts of a Greek boy of long ago, as seen in the Athenian Oath:

We will never bring disgrace on this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many. We will reverence and obey the city's laws, and we will do our

best to incite a like reverence and respect in those above us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. We will strive increasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

In "Columbus" (p. 222) Joaquin Miller celebrates the man who succeeds; this poem glorifies the struggler who fails. Which is the more heroic to you?

Apply the thought of this poem to school work and to games.

THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE

What effects do our thoughts and actions have on our own lives? How do they influence the lives of others?

What seeds besides the ones mentioned in the poem do we scatter?

When and by whom is the harvest gathered?

How does this poem help you to "play the game"?

WHAT IS GOOD?

How does each of the first ten answers characterize the one who gives it? Why is each answer not satisfactory?

Supply the answers you would expect from

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

To what extent is kindness a part of each "good" mentioned in these replies?

THE CUP BESIDE THE SPRING

What does the idea in this poem add to the thought in "What is Good?" (p. 303)?

Interpret the following symbols in the poem into the things which they might stand for in life: road, rose, cup, spring, pilgrim, rock, staff, crooked path, purple heights. Find other figurative expressions.

How can you in your own school life "leave by the road of years your roses all along"?

CANDLE-LIGHTING SONG

For what does each candle stand? Do you think they are all the same length? Which would burn most brightly?

How do burning candles resemble flowers?

How is every candle a "fire bloom" and "a prayer"?

LIGHTS

Where have you seen the different lights that the poet pictures? Which ones are happy and which ones are lonely?

Notice the particular service that each light is performing. What other lights are especially full of meaning in our lives? What pleasures should we have to forego if we had no lights?

Add one or two stanzas to this poem in which you include reading lamps, windows of a passing train, automobile headlights, or Christmas-tree lights.

A TIME TO TALK

What would this man of the soil lose if he merely kept on working?

Write what you think these two men might say as they visit at the stone wall, or select two boys to act out the scenes of the poem, adding an imaginary conversation.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

Describe the deserted house which you see as you and the poet walk together to Suffern. Does it affect you as it does him?

What plans does he make for putting it in order?

"Brush and saw and spade" will serve to fix the cracks and the garden, but what shall you need to mend its broken heart?

Why does a new house not suffer as this old house does? At what hour of the day does it seem to you the most desolate?

What might the house think as it sees you and the poet looking sympathetically at it? Try to put these thoughts into a poem of the same form as this one, or into a prose monologue.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

This is one of several poems in which the youthful Tennyson expressed his grief for the loss of his dear friend and school comrade, Arthur Hallam.

Where is he as he speaks? What details of the scene before him does he notice?

In what lines do we learn of the sorrow in his heart?

What comfort have the sea, the ship, and the children at play in which he feels that he cannot share?

Notice the meter of the first line as compared with the others. To give expression to his grief the poet has cut off all the unaccented syllables.

Only the final accented syllable of each foot is left. What feeling is stirred in you by the repetition of this one strong word in this line?

THE LAST LEAF

In a note in his "Complete Poems" Holmes says:

This poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine monumental specimen in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him meant no disrespect to an honored fellow citizen whose costume was out of date but whose patriotism never changed with years.

This man was Major Thomas Melville. Edward Everett Hale also speaks in his reminiscences of having seen him.

Find all the signs by which you can guess the age of the person who is talking. Is his attitude derisive or sympathetic?

What evidences are there of the period to which the old man belonged? What hints have you of his early life? What words are used to portray old age?

What is the full significance of being the last leaf on the tree "in the *spring*"?

What parallel can be made between a lone leaf left on a tree when new life is budding and a relic of an older generation?

THE EARTH AND MAN

Which stanzas tell about earth and which tell about man? Poets have always felt the close kinship between nature and man. What have they in common?

Why has earth not grown old with the centuries? What keeps the heart of man young?

Explain "Earth's magic is the same."

OPPORTUNITY

Read the lines which describe the statue. What did its posture and appearance symbolize? How are its two names related?

This poem expresses the familiar idea that if opportunity is not seized the first time when it is passing in its swift flight, it is gone forever. Is this true or are we constantly within reach of the "tossing ringlet"?

OPPORTUNITY

Who are the characters in this story? What does each do? How do they differ?

Why is "Opportunity" an appropriate title?

What opportunities do we sometimes waste that wiser and more courageous people would put to good use?

ROMANCE

What is familiar about the poet's complaint in the third stanza? Where does he look for romance?

Write a story in which you apply the idea in this poem to a boy who says, "I wish I were a knight of King Arthur's Court, so that I could do noble deeds."

BARTER

Barter means trade or exchange; but money is not the only medium of exchange. What lovely things in life can be bartered? What do we give in exchange for each of these bits of loveliness? What are some other wonderful things that life has sold to you?

What did you pay to get for your own the joy of ocean surf, the blazing camp-fire, the thrush's song, the smile of a child, or the friendship of a good pal?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

The chambered nautilus, sometimes called the pearly nautilus, is a tiny sea animal that lives in a spiral shell from four to six inches in diameter, like a large snail shell with an extended mouth. This shell is divided into little chambers. Each season, as the animal grows, it adds a new and ever larger chamber, leaving the old and passing into the new, so that the original shell is only a small chamber in the center of the finished shell. As the shells are sometimes found floating, it was supposed that the shellfish could spread on its tentacles a sail of "living gauze." This fancy led to its name "nautilus," which means "sailor." The inside of these empty floating shells is coated with iridescent pearl. In this poem, which Holmes considered his best work, the poet takes a bit of scientific knowledge and uses it to tell something of human life. Notice especially the musical verse form of the poem, the poetical description of the shell and the growth of the animal, and the last fine stanza

(one of the most familiar single stanzas in American literature), which gives the theme of the poem.

Who were the sirens? Who was Triton? What connection have they with this poem?

Is there any significance in connecting coral reefs with the nautilus?

What facts about the life and home of this animal does the poet suggest? What is its shape? its color? How does it move?

How can a clear message come from the "dead lips" of the shell of a nautilus?

How can we grow larger and nobler as the years go on?

THE PORT O' HEART'S DESIRE

How do you picture this speaker as he plans his voyage? To what port does he wish to sail?

By what name should you christen the ship which will carry him? How does its cargo and its destination differ from those of the ships that he watches going seaward?

He does not mention the crew or the pilot. Who might they be?

What are some of the memories that make "the hills of boyhood" golden?

A LOST CHORD

This poem, set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, is a favorite church song for soloists and chorus.

The whole poem is figurative; that is, the organ and the chord are figures which have a symbolic meaning. See if you can interpret these symbols by answering the following questions: What does the organ represent? Who is the player? Why was the organist "weary and ill at ease"? What was the chord which brought calm to this troubled spirit? How was it lost? What hope is there of regaining it?

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Burns is said to have written this poem in the kitchen of a certain rich man who, after inviting the poet to meet some of his friends, kept him waiting in the kitchen until these guests arrived.

Arrange in one list the qualities and possessions of the poor man; in another, those of the rich and noble, as mentioned in this poem. What ones should you add?

Which class does Burns respect more? Has he any regard for the other?

What kind of man is a "king o' men"? What characteristic does Burns consider most important to any man?

List the Scotch words and their English equivalents. What is the effect when you substitute these English words in the poem?

"O YOUTH WITH BLOSSOMS LADEN"

What blossoms has Youth to give? Why should he give them to Age?

Compare this poem with "The Last Leaf" (p. 309) and "The Cup beside the Spring" (p. 304)?

Picture yourself as Age. What would you like Youth to give you?

SONG

Sometimes this poem is called "A Sunshine Heart." Which is the better title?

Which lines of this poem appeal to the following "rules of the game": courage, kindness, cheerfulness, determination, chivalry?

SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

This is a song of hope and assurance, but not of attainment; of vision, but not of reality. What "new world" does it visualize? How does it differ from the old?

What will mankind have to do to attain the ideals prophesied here?

What does the "rising sun" symbolize? Find other expressions which bear the same significance.

"AWAKE! AWAKE!"

This poem from "The Song of the Dawn" was written for the pupils of a school at Winnington in Cheshire, England, in 1865.

Arcady: a land of joy, but often visited by wild beasts.

Notice the Biblical references throughout this poem. What do they add to it?

What differences are found in the attire of men of war and of peace?

What is the keynote of the poem?

THE VIGIL

One of the tests required of a candidate for knighthood was a solitary, night-long vigil of prayer and meditation. An analogy to this is found in the Indian custom of subjecting a boy to a period of fasting and exposure before he was accepted into the tribe.

Like "Sir Galahad" (p. 281), this lyric of purest and highest beauty gleams with white light and stainless idealization.

What thoughts do you picture as surging through the mind of the young knight as he kneels on the cold chapel floor?

What makes you feel that he is very young?

What helps to keep him faithful through the night?

"HOLD FAST YOUR DREAMS!"

What side of life must be kept out of the secret spot in our heart for dreams?

Does the poem mean that only ugly things are real, and that lovely things can be seen only in "make believe"?

What will be added to our lives if we dwell on beauty?

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ABBEY, HENRY (1842-1911)

A newspaper editor and contributor to magazines. A life-long resident of New York State. Among the best-known of his seven volumes of verse are "Day Dreams" and "City of Success."

ADAM, HELEN DOUGLAS (1912-)

A young Scotch poet. We are told that when she was only two years old she made up rhymes while playing with her dolls. "The Elfin Pedlar," a book of her verse, was published when she was twelve.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY (1836-1907)

One of the most gifted of the New England group of writers. For twenty years he lived in and near Boston, and for almost half that time he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. At nineteen years he was a recognized critic, and before he was twenty his first volume of poems, "The Bells," was published. His "Marjorie Daw" and "The Story of a Bad Boy" hold a high place among the best-known American stories.

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (1803-1849)

An English dramatist, poet, and physiologist. As a boy he was precocious. When only nineteen he published his best drama, "The Bride's Tragedy." He studied medicine on the Continent and spent the latter years of his life there.

BENJAMIN, PARK (1809-1864)

Born in British Guiana, the son of a merchant from New England. He was educated at Harvard University and at Washington College, where he graduated with high honors in the class of 1829. After practicing law he was on the editorial staff of several magazines, establishing *The New World* in New York in 1840. He wrote poems of a high order, but they have never been collected.

BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB (1863-1924)

An illustrator, artist, and author. He was a life-long resident of Chillicothe, Ohio. He is best known as a writer of army stories and as the author of "The Animal Paint Book" and "The Wisconsin Dells."

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827)

A noted English poet, engraver, and painter, who was born, lived, and died in London. He earned his livelihood from the sale of his prints, made by a new method which he invented for reproducing sketches by use of metal plates.

He engraved two of his own books of lyrics, "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience," with plates decorated with pictorial and ornamental designs. His wife, "the dark-eyed Kate," often aided by tinting these engravings in color.

BRALEY, BERTON (1882-)

A journalist and poet who has contributed an astonishingly large number of short stories to magazines and newspapers. After graduating from the University of Washington he was a reporter on Western and New York papers, and during the World War was special correspondent in northern Europe. Among his best-known books are "Buddy Ballads" and "Songs of the Workaday World." His ability to interpret American patriotism in verse is well shown in "A Banjo at Armageddon."

BRANCH, (Mrs.) MARY LYDIA BOLLES (1840-1922)

A Connecticut writer, with a gift for extemporaneous story-telling. She is the author of "Guld, the Cavern King" and "The Kanter Girls," two popular stories for children. She was the mother of Anna Hempstead Branch, a poet and dramatist.

BRIDGES, ROBERT (1844-)

Poet laureate of Great Britain since 1913. After graduating from Oxford, he practiced his profession as a physician until 1882. Since then he has devoted himself to travel, music, and literature. During 1923-1924 he held the fellowship of creative literature at the University of Michigan.

BROOKE, STOPFORD AUGUSTUS (1832-1916)

A clergyman and writer, born in Ireland. For many years he was a curate in London, and chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria. He published several books of sermons and many critical essays on famous English men of letters.

BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL (1875-1927)

A well-known New England author, who was born in Boston and educated at the Girls' Latin School and at Radcliffe College. She made Boston her residence except for the years spent in travel, both in America and in foreign lands. She has published many plays and stories, besides several volumes of verse. Among these are "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," "The Christmas Angel," "Fresh Posies," and "The Song of Sixpence."

BROWN, ALICE (1857-)

A New England poet, novelist, dramatist, and writer of short stories. She now lives in Boston. A distinguishing feature of her literary work is her delineation of New England rural life and atmosphere.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (Mrs. Robert Browning) (1806-1861)

A famous English poet. When she was fifteen she injured her spine while tightening the saddle girth of her pony, and consequently was an invalid for

many years. Her first volume of poems, published in 1844, gave her a fame among rising poets which was shared only with Tennyson. It also brought about an acquaintance with Robert Browning. Her love for him is beautifully expressed in "Sonnets from the Portuguese." After her marriage to Robert Browning she spent the rest of her life in Italy, mostly in Florence. Among the women poets in the English tongue she holds a foremost place. She was considered for appointment as poet laureate of Great Britain.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889)

One of the most celebrated English poets of the Victorian Age, contemporaneous with Tennyson. A great lover of animals, in his boyhood he kept a small menagerie. His close observation of all nature is clearly disclosed in his writings. He was an artist by training as well as inheritance, and at first it was doubtful whether he would be a poet, painter, sculptor, or musician; but a stray volume of Shelley caused him to begin writing poetry. After the death of Mrs. Browning he lived mainly in London and Venice. He is buried in the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey, next to Tennyson. Italy also has honored him with a memorial tablet in the Rezzonico Palace, Venice. Besides lyric poetry he wrote plays and many long dramatic romances. His masterpiece is "The Ring and the Book."

BURNET, DANA (1888-)

A journalist and writer of novels, short stories, and poetry; now living in Maine. He studied law at Cornell University, but soon turned to newspaper work. For seven years he was on the staff of the *New York Sun*, and during 1917-1918 was a war correspondent in France. He has published much fiction as well as poetry, now collected in the volume "Gayheart."

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796)

The most famous lyric poet of Scotland. An Ayrshire farmer, with scanty opportunity for an education, he knew well poverty and toil; but this poetic genius saw beauty in the things about him, and he turned every scene of his life into song. His poems have become the songs of the world. His birthday, January 25, is celebrated not only by Scotsmen but by English-speaking peoples of all nationalities. His tender, exquisite thought has immortalized simple objects, as in "To a Mountain Daisy," "To a Mouse," and the home scenes in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; and many of his lyrics, such as "A Red, Red Rose," "The Banks o' Doon," and "Auld Lang Syne," and his patriotic songs, touch the deepest emotions of the human heart.

BYRON, (LORD) George Gordon (1788-1824)

A celebrated English poet, descended from a family of nobles who traced their origin back to the days of the Norman Conquest. After finishing his studies at Cambridge University he traveled through Portugal and Spain down to Greece.

"Childe Harold" is his poetical expression of some of his own experiences on this tour. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in their revolt against Turkey, became one of their officers, and died of fever while in service the following spring. During his lifetime his work was greatly admired, and he is still regarded as one of the masters of the English language. "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "Mazeppa" are two of his most popular short narrative poems.

BYRON, MAY (Mrs. George F. Byron) (1861-)

An English writer now living in London and contributing to current British magazines. Since 1887 she has been an associate of the Royal Academy of Music. With her sister she is the author of a volume of poems.

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH (1881-)

An Irish poet, artist, and dramatist, now living in Belfast. He has wandered about the hills and valleys of some of the counties in his native land, observing the ways of the inhabitants, and has recorded these faithfully in his six volumes of published verse. In "The Mountainy Singer" and "Irishry" this poet of the humble people has given us a number of appealing Celtic songs. He illustrated "Rushlight," one of his own books of poems, and also one for his wife, Nancy Campbell.

CAMPBELL, NANCY (Mrs. Joseph Campbell)

An Irish writer of poems and folk tales. Among her books are "The Little People" and "Agnus Dei," the volume of verse which her husband illustrated.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844)

A British poet, critic, magazine editor, and miscellaneous writer. He is remembered chiefly for such stirring verse as "Ye Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter." He was active in education; London University was founded largely through his efforts, and he was twice lord rector of the University of Glasgow. His reputation in his own day was sufficiently great to bring him the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey.

CAMPBELL, WILLIAM WILFRED (1861-)

A notable Canadian poet, dramatist, and government official at Ottawa. He is especially interested in the beauty, history, and romance of the Canadian lake region. He has published "Lake Lyrics," "The Drcad Voyage," and two dramas in blank verse, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand."

CANTON, WILLIAM (1845-1927)

A journalist and magazine writer. For many years he was on the staff of the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Contemporary Review*. He published many books and poems, especially for children. Among these are "A Child's Book of Warriors," "Children's Sayings," and "The Shining Wolf." His later publications include "Dawn in Palestine" and "The Five Colors."

CARLETON, WILL (1845-1912)

A native of Michigan, best known for his ballads of home life. His publications include "Poems," "Farm Legends," "City Ballads," and "City Legends." His most familiar poem is "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

CARMAN, (WILLIAM) BLISS (1861-)

Born in Canada, educated at Edinburgh University and Harvard University, he has lived in the United States since 1889. Law and engineering attracted him in youth. Like many another poet, he began writing as a journalist. He collaborated with Richard Hovey in "Songs from Vagabondia." His growing number of volumes of verse from "The Green Book of the Bards" down to "April Airs" are marked by swinging rhythm and a great love of nature. The Canadian Authors' Association has crowned him Canada's major poet.

CAWEIN, MADISON (JULIUS) (1865-1914)

A Southern poet, often called "the Keats of Kentucky." When a young boy he frequently accompanied his father on expeditions into the woods, where he learned to observe nature accurately. He wrote a large amount of verse and published more than twenty volumes. His most characteristic work is found in "Lyrics and Idyls" and "Vale of Tempe." His own selection of the best of his work appears in "Poems" (1911).

CHAPMAN, ARTHUR (1873-)

Born in Rockford, Illinois; now living in Denver, Colorado. Among his popular books of verse are "Out Where the West Begins" and "Cactus Center."

CONKLING, HILDA (1910-)

A gifted young writer who has spent most of her life at Northampton, Massachusetts. She has been composing verse since she was four years old. Her mother, Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, also a poet, wrote down the verses as her daughter told them to her, adding only the divisions, the punctuation indicated by the cadences of the child's voice, and the titles. Her first volume, "Poems by a Little Girl," was published when she was nine years old; her second, "Shoes of the Wind," in 1922. She writes with beauty of phrase and sharp vision about the things she knows and loves.

COOLBRITH, INA DONNA (1844-1928)

A Western writer who spent most of her life in California. After living for many years in Los Angeles, she became public librarian in Oakland and San Francisco. While Bret Harte was editor of the *Overland Monthly*, she was his associate. She published several books of verse, of which the best known is "Songs of the Golden Gate." The honorary title of "poet laureate of California" was conferred upon her by the governor and state legislature.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800)

A celebrated English poet. He was educated at Westminster School and admitted to the bar, but attacks of melancholia caused him to withdraw from active life. Retiring to Huntingdon, he lived there in seclusion with his friends, the Unwins, at whose request much of his poetry was written as a diversion. Some of his religious hymns, such as "God moves in a mysterious way," are universally familiar.

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784-1842)

A Scotch poet and general writer. As a young lad he was apprenticed to a stone mason, but in 1810 he went to London, where he became a reporter and writer on *The Literary Gazette* and afterward secretary to the sculptor Chantrey. Most of his writings have the flavor of his native land, as is shown by their titles: "Traditional Tales of the Peasantry" and "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern." His "Life of Burns" shows his admiration for that best-loved of Scottish poets.

DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTINE (1871-)

An editor and poet of Philadelphia. During his sophomore year he left Fordham University, and since 1891 has been a newspaper man, public speaker, and professional humorist. His dialect verse, especially about Irish and Italian immigrants in America, has won him wide popularity. "Carmina" is one of the most familiar of his several volumes of verse.

DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN (1888-)

A writer of short stories, plays, and much verse, and a frequent contributor to the leading American magazines and books of verse. Born in a small mining town in the Rocky Mountains in Washington, educated in Oregon and at the University of California, she now spends her winters in New York and her summers in Oregon. She is a typical Western woman in her love for outdoor life; bronco-riding and canoeing are her favorite sports.

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY (1870-)

A Welsh poet and writer. After completing his apprenticeship to the picture-framing trade he tramped through America for six years and then made several walking tours through England as a peddler of "notions" and a street singer of hymns. His "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" describes some of his experiences as a cattleman on shipboard, as a herry-picker, and as a day laborer. While trying to steal a ride on a train, he lost a foot. After this accident he returned to England and devoted himself to writing. All the magazines rejected his early work, but he had some copies printed privately and sent them to celebrities. George Bernard Shaw saw their merit and helped him. His first volume of verse was published when he was thirty-four, and his reputation has increased with his succeeding books.

DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS (Mrs. Augustus M. Gifford) (1884-)

A poet and story writer, born in Ohio. She was educated at Smith College and taught English in Wisconsin until her marriage in 1914, when she moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Her brother, William Stearns Davis, is the author of a number of books, including "A Friend of Cæsar." Her volumes of collected verse include "Myself and I," "The Crack o' Dawn," and "The Ancient Beautiful Things."

DE LA MARE, WALTER (1873-)

An English poet and novelist, now living near London. After studying at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School he knew nearly twenty years of "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood" in a city office before he began as a free-lance journalist, writing reviews for British magazines. His first verses were written to amuse his own children. Sometimes using the pen name "Walter Ramal," he has written some exquisite child verse, imaginative lyrics, and character-study novels. His "Peacock Pie" ranks him with Stevenson as a child's poet. Many of his poems have been set to music.

DICKINSON, EMILY (1830-1886)

An American poet who spent all her life at Amherst, Massachusetts, seldom setting foot beyond her own doorstep. She is the author of over six hundred poems, very few of which were published during her lifetime. She wrote without any thought of publication, often sending these short poems in letters to friends, or on slips of paper to her sister. Her complete poems have been published by her niece and biographer, Martha Dickinson Bianchi.

DOYLE, (Sir) ARTHUR CONAN (1859-1930)

A novelist and physician of Irish ancestry, born and educated in Edinburgh. He comes of a family of artists; his grandfather was a well-known cartoonist, and his father and three uncles were artists also, one associated with the London *Punch*. When he was about six he began writing tales of adventure, illustrating them with his own drawings. After receiving his medical diploma from Edinburgh University he went to West Africa as a ship's surgeon, and then began practicing at Southsea; but always, even as a student, he gave his leisure to literary work, all of which was rejected at first. After "Micah Clarke" and two other novels were published, he went to London, and since then has published many books of prose and verse. His most vivid and outstanding creation, "Sherlock Holmes," has impressed readers as a living person. A party of French school boys visiting London, when asked where they wished to go first, to the Tower or Westminster Abbey, said, "Baker Street, to see Mr. Sherlock Holmes's rooms."

Sir Arthur has played as strenuously as he has worked. He takes part in football, cricket, golf, balloon and airplane ascents, introduced skiing into the Grison division of Switzerland, did pioneer work in opening up miniature rifle ranges, is a fencer and boxer, a fisherman (even to whales), and a hunter, but hates all sports which involve the needless killing of birds and animals.

DRISCOLL, LOUISE (1875-)

An American writer of verse and short stories, and a lecturer on modern poetry. She lives at Catskill, New York. Her poem, "The Metal Cheeks," was awarded a prize in 1914. "The Garden of the West" (1922) and "Garden Grace" are two of her latest books of verse.

FALLON, DAVID

A young captain in the British and Australian Expeditionary Forces during the World War; now living in California. He served in India, Africa, and Australia, and later saw action in Gallipoli, France, and Belgium. "The Big Fight" is a graphic account of his varied experiences in the infantry and in the aerial and tank service. In 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross. His citation reads: "Though dangerously wounded, he carried out a most daring reconnaissance, and gained much valuable information. He set a splendid example throughout."

FIELD, WALTER TAYLOR (1861-)

An author and editor. He has written essays, poems, and short stories, and is one of the editors of "The Young and Field Literary Readers." His "Eight O'Clock Chapel," written in collaboration with Dr. Cornelius H. Patton, is a study of New England college life in the eighties. His latest book is "A Guide to Literature for Children."

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES (1827-1907)

A New York lawyer, who was class poet on his graduation from Yale University. Entering the legal profession, he rose to the position of judge in New York City, and to dean of the law school at Cornell University.

FISKE, HORACE SPENCER (1859-)

A Chicago educator and author. He is a contributor to "The Humbler Poets" and the author of "Chicago in Picture and Poetry," "Ballads of War and Peace," and "Provincial Types in American Fiction."

FROST, ROBERT (1875-)

Born in San Francisco but educated in New England, where eight generations of his forefathers had lived. While in high school he determined to be a poet. He wrote faithfully for twenty years before much of his verse was in print. During this period he taught in schools from the grades to college, and for eight years lived on a farm, writing during the long winter evenings. In 1912 he went to England, where his volume "A Boy's Will" gained immediate fame. Since his return to America three years later he has been a professor at Amherst College and Michigan University, but spends much time on his farm. In 1924 he was awarded the Pulitzer prize for poetry. A true pastoral poet, his affection centers on the hillside farms, stone walls, and quiet villages of New England.

FYLEMAN, ROSE (1877-)

An English writer, born at Nottingham and still living there. Although she is now writing distinguished prose stories and contributes to *Punch*, her chief honors were won as a children's poet. Among her best writings are "The Rainbow Cat" and "Forty Good-Night Tales." "Fairies and Chimneys" is a universal favorite and has passed through many editions.

GARRISON, THEODOSIA (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks) (1874-)

An American author, now living in New York City. She is a contributor of verse and short stories to leading magazines, and has also published several volumes of verse, including "As the Larks Rise."

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON (1878-)

An English poet who has published over a dozen books of verse, most of it dealing with situations in industrial life. For some years he lived in the slum districts of London, sympathetically observing the lives of the people. During the World War he served as a private. "Neighbors" and "Fires" contain typical narratives.

GILL, ELSA

Born and educated in Portland, Oregon. For a time she was a member of the English department of Reed University, Portland. She afterwards went to New York for secretarial and editorial work. She is a contributor to various magazines and has written the verses for a schoolgirl's scrapbook and a school-girl's diary.

GRANAME, KENNETH (1859-)

A British author, born in Edinburgh; writer of verse and stories. Two of his characteristic volumes, "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days," show the romance of childhood in delightful prose; "The Wind in the Willows" combines charming prose and poetry.

GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK

An American poet, contributor to leading magazines of verse. She has lived in many army posts in America and the Philippines, and has traveled in China, Japan, Hawaii, and Europe. After graduating from Stanford University she studied at Radcliffe, and later became assistant editor and translator of *The New France*. She is one of the founders of *The Measure, A Journal of Verse*. Besides many translations she has published a volume of poems, "River Dusk and Other Poems." In 1923 her poem "What have you Seen Today?" won the New York *Evening World* prize of \$150.

GRIFFITH, WILLIAM (1876-)

An author and editor, born in Tennessee. Since 1901 he has been on the staff of New York papers and has contributed to various national magazines. Among

his published works are "Candles in the Sun," "Selected Pierrot Lyrics," "Great Painters and their Famous Bible Pictures," and "The House of Dreams."

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR (1871-)

An American journalist and editorial writer, living in New York City. Since 1911 he has been a writer for *Life*, and has become well known as a master of light verse and wit, especially rhymed book reviews and humorous ballads. His books of poems include "The Laughing Muse," "The Mirthful Lyre," and "Ballads of Old New York" (a series of anecdotes and legends picturing its changing customs throughout the last three centuries).

HALL, EUGENE J.

An Illinois poet; author of "Poems of the Farm and Fireside" (1874) and "Poems of Home-Land" (1881).

HARDY, THOMAS (1840-1928)

A famous English novelist and poet; sometimes called the Grand Old Man of Modern Letters. Born in Dorsetshire, he spent his childhood and youth among the scenes and people that he later used as material for his stories and poems. In his early twenties he wrote verse, but abandoned it to become an architect, and soon won several prizes for his designs and essays on architecture. When he was nearly sixty he returned triumphantly to poetry. He held the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. It is said of him that he had a "genius for capturing the smell and color of the whole countryside in a single lyric."

HARTE, (Francis) BRET (1839-1902)

A poet and novelist. Born in New York, he removed to California in 1854, where his experiences as miner, teacher, express manager, printer, and editor among the forty-niners colored his whole life. During the Civil War he rose to the rank of colonel. After founding the *Overland Monthly* in 1868, he became a professor at the University of California, but resigned to serve as American consul, first in Germany and later in Scotland. After 1885 he lived in London. His short stories are remarkable for local color and atmosphere, and reflect truthfully the characteristics of Western pioneer life, especially in the Sierras. He had no need to dig for nuggets; his notebook was his mother lode. "I would not exchange my notebook for all the gold dust in California," he often remarked. The popularity of such stories as "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tennessee's Partner," and of his humorous dialect verse like "The Heathen Chinee," is proof of his success.

HAZEN, ELLA M.

Born in Vermont; educated at Mt. Holyoke College and Pratt Institute. She is now librarian in the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn. Her poetry has been published in various New England magazines.

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA (1793-1835)

An English poet, who was born in Liverpool and died near Dublin. Beginning to write when she was young, she won in 1819 a \$250 prize for a poem on the meeting of Bruce and Wallace. "Casabianca" and "Treasures of the Deep" are two of her familiar poems.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809-1894)

A lifelong resident of Boston; one of our foremost poets, a humorist, essayist, and novelist. Inventor of an improvement of the stereoscope. He traced his line back to Anne Bradstreet, an outstanding poet of colonial days. On graduation from Harvard University he was class poet, and for nearly half a century afterward he read a delightful poem at the annual class reunion. After some years of study abroad he received his medical degree from Harvard and began the practice of medicine in Boston, but was soon called to Dartmouth College. In 1847 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at the medical school of Harvard University, and for thirty-five years he was considered its most popular lecturer. Outliving all his famous contemporaries (Whittier, Whitman, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Poe), he was literally "the last leaf on the tree." At intervals for over thirty years he was a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD (1859-)

An English poet, educated at Oxford. He was professor of Latin at University College, London, for nearly twenty years before going to Cambridge University, where he has been a Fellow of Trinity since 1911. "A Shropshire Lad," his first volume of verse, captivated its readers by its lyric quality and marvelous music. This slight volume of songs was followed twenty-five years later by another small collection, "Last Poems."

HUNT, (James Henry) LEIGH (1784-1859)

A well-known English poet, journalist, and essayist. He knew well such famous persons of his time as Moore, Lamb, Shelley, and Keats, whom he described in "The Feast of the Poets." Among his many works is an extended biography of Lord Byron, with whom he lived in Italy. "The Story of Rimini" is considered his best work.

JACKSON, (Mrs.) HELEN HUNT (1831-1885)

A poet and novelist. She was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, where her father was a professor, but she spent the greater part of her life in California. In 1883 she was appointed by Congress as special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians in California. Eager to awaken public sympathy for them, she embodied her findings in the well-known novel "Ramona." Her other publications, some signed "H. H.," include "Nelly's Silver Mine" and "Glimpses of Three Coasts." A copy of "A Century of Dishonor," her report on the Indian question, was given to every congressman.

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)

A famous English poet. After he had lost his parents in early childhood he was apprenticed to a surgeon, but he never practiced. Becoming acquainted with Hunt, Shelley, and other men of letters, he devoted himself to writing. His first poems, published in periodicals, established his poetic fame. Unfortunately his health declined rapidly, and he hurried to Rome, only to die there at the early age of twenty-five. His passionate love of beauty is expressed in some of the most exquisite poems in the English language: "Ode to a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." An exhaustive study of his life by Amy Lowell was published in 1925.

KEBLE, JOHN (1792-1866)

An English clergyman and poet. On his graduation from Oxford University, where he won a "double first" in classics and mathematics (a distinction gained only once previously), he became a professor of poetry. For thirty-three years he was vicar at Hursley, remaining there in spite of many offers of advancement. His best-known book, "The Christian Year," first published anonymously, was so popular and successful that he was enabled by his royalties to build at Hursley one of the most beautiful parish churches in England. Keble College, Oxford, was named in his honor.

KETCHUM, ARTHUR (1879-)

A poet and author, living in Bedford, New York. Among his best-known poems are "Opportunity," "To Austin Dobson," and "My Lady goes to the Play." His published volumes include "Profiles," "A Book of Verse," and "Williams Sketches."

KILMER, ALINE (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) (1888-)

A writer, poet, and lecturer. Born in Virginia and educated in New Jersey, she is now living in Larchmont, New York. A frequent contributor of verse and essays to magazines, she is also a lecturer on poetry and kindred subjects. Three of her printed volumes are "Candles that Burn," "Vigils," and "Essays."

KILMER, JOYCE (1886-1918)

A poet, journalist, and editor. Graduating from Columbia University in 1908, he taught school and then became a newspaper man. Three weeks after the United States entered the World War he enlisted as a private. While serving as a sergeant in the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry he was killed in action on July 30, 1918, in carrying out a particularly dangerous piece of work near the River Ourcq, France. He lies buried on the trampled hillside where he fell. This "Gold Star" poet will always be remembered for his poems about things that are dear to the heart of everyone. His best-known poem is "Trees," although the author said, "'Rouge Bouquet' [which was read at his funeral] is probably the best verse I have written."

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-)

This widely known English man of letters was born in Bombay and educated in England. He returned to India in 1882 as sub-editor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. After nine years he went back to England, and since then has devoted himself to literature. After his marriage to an American he lived for a short time in Vermont, where he wrote "The Naulahka" in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier. There are few parts of the world in which he has not traveled, and this world-wide travel is reflected in his tales and verse. He sees romance in the common world, in hard labor, duty, and difficulties, and in the actual toil of the soldier, sailor, stoker, engineer, and bridge-builder. He is one of the most quoted of modern writers. "If," "The Ballad of East and West," and "Recessional" are universal favorites. His "Jungle Books," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," "Captains Courageous," and "Kim" are stories which appeal especially to younger readers. In 1926 he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature.

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842-1881)

A notable Southern poet and critic; also a skillful musician. When a mere lad he joined the Confederate army. Hardships suffered during the Civil War brought on ill health, from which he never recovered. For some years he was a flutist in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and a lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. In addition to his poetry and essays he wrote a series of historical novels for boys, including "The Boys' Froissart" and "The Boys' King Arthur." All his writings reflect his love for his native southland.

LEAMY, EDMUND (1889-)

An American poet born in Dublin, Ireland; the son of an Irish poet of the same name. He now lives at Piermont-on-Hudson, New York. He is a contributor to many Eastern newspapers and magazines, and has published two books of verse, "My Ship and Other Verses" and "Moods and Memories."

LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS (1891-1917)

This promising Irish poet received but little education. As a boy, poverty forced him early to go to work in a mine, as a road-mender, on the farm, and in stores. In 1912 he sent one of his manuscripts to Lord Dunsany, who recognized its merits and encouraged him by writing introductions to his "Songs of the Fields," "Songs of Peace," and "Last Songs," and later by editing a collected edition of his verse. At the outbreak of the World War he enlisted in the Inniskilling Fusiliers. He was promoted to corporal, and, after serving in the Balkans, was killed in action in France.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD (1866-)

A poet, critic, and essayist. Born and educated in Liverpool, where he entered business. After following a commercial life for seven years he turned to literature and moved to the United States, where he has since resided. Besides many

volumes of his own poetry he has published a translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." His latest volume, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," is a charming fantasy.

LETTIS, WINIFRED M. (1887-)

An Irish poet, now living in Dublin. From childhood she was familiar with eastern Ireland, and her "Songs from Leinster" portray in characteristic dialect the humor and pathos of its people. She was a volunteer nurse during the World War, and has embodied her experiences in a collection called "Poems of the War." She became widely known through her lyric "The Spires of Oxford."

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882)

The most familiar American poet, born in Portland, Maine. After graduating from Bowdoin College he taught there for five years. The rest of his life, except for some years of travel abroad, was spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lived in the Craigie house, which had been the headquarters of General Washington during the Revolutionary War. For nearly twenty years he was professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard University. He is often called the Children's Poet, the Household Poet, and the Universal Poet. He is the only American whose bust has been placed in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Among his popular longer narrative poems are "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Evangeline," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

LOVEMAN, ROBERT (1864-1923)

Born in Cleveland but educated in Dalton, Georgia, where he afterwards lived. He was a frequent contributor to leading magazines and has published two volumes of verse, "Poems" and "The Gates of Silence." His "April Rain" is considered one of our most exquisite American songs.

LOWELL, AMY (1874-1925)

A poet, essayist, and critic, born in Brookline, Massachusetts. She was a member of a distinguished New England family, which includes James Russell Lowell and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University. She was educated in private schools, traveled widely, and spent some years in learning the art of writing before she attempted to publish any of her work. Although she was the foremost exponent of free verse in America, much of her own verse follows standard forms. She ranks among the important women writers of the first quarter of this century.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819-1891)

A foremost man of letters and a diplomat, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He had every cultural advantage, for his father's library was one of the best in America. After graduating from Harvard University and studying abroad he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at

Harvard. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterwards edited the *North American Review*. Later he served as minister to Spain and Great Britain. He spent his last years at Elmwood, the old family homestead, which had been used as a hospital during the Revolutionary War. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is one of his outstanding contributions to English verse.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BARRINGTON (Baron Macaulay) (1800-1859)

An eminent British historian and statesman. Educated at Cambridge University, he studied law, became a member of Parliament, served as secretary of war and paymaster-general, and was raised to the peerage. Notwithstanding his continuous devotion to public service he found time for much writing. His readable "History of England," "Historical Ballads," and "Lays of Ancient Rome" gave him wide popularity. He was also a keen critic and an eloquent orator. As a writer of effective English he has no superior.

MCCARTHY, DENIS ALOYSIUS (1870-)

A poet, lecturer, and reader. Born in Ireland but came to the United States when he was fifteen. He is now a resident of Boston, where he is a lecturer for the Massachusetts State Board of Education. His four volumes of verse, which include "Songs of Sunrise" and "Voices from Erin," are marked by the haunting melody of his native dialect.

MCGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN (1862-)

A poet, playwright, and philosopher. Born in Pennsylvania but now living in California. He is a regular contributor to newspapers and magazines. Besides his books of verse, travel sketches, and a history of the California missions he has written two historical dramas, "The Mission Play" and "La Golondrina." "The Mission Play" has been presented continuously for many years in a specially built playhouse, which has been bequeathed to the people of California.

MCLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD (Mrs. A. de Sélincourt) (1891-)

An English poet, living in London. She is the author of three volumes of verse: "Songs to Save a Soul," "Swords for Life," and "Before Dawn."

MADDEN, JOHN S. (1878-)

Born and educated in Romney, Indiana. After serving in the United States Infantry throughout the Spanish-American War he was in the civil-service branch of the government until America entered the World War. He went to France as first lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, and served in many major engagements. After being wounded in the Argonne offensive he was promoted to a captaincy. He has written a large number of poems, many of them in the interests of service men.

MALLOCH, DOUGLAS (1877-)

A newspaper journalist and author; now associate editor of the *American Lumberman*. His several volumes include much verse about forests and lumber

camp. Among his most recent books are "Come on Home," "The Enchanted Garden," and "Tote-Road and Trail."

MARKHAM, EDWIN (1852-)

This Dean of American poets was born in Oregon. When a child he moved to California, where he spent his boyhood on a ranch, learning everything from farming to blacksmithing. After graduating from the San Jose Normal School he was, in turn, teacher, principal, and superintendent of schools. For many years he has lived in New York, devoting himself to literature and lecturing. Especially earnest have been his protests against child labor and the needless drudgery of manual laborers. The latter is the theme of his world-famous poem "The Man with the Hoe," which has been reprinted many times and translated into thirty-seven languages. Another poem of national interest is "Lincoln, the Man of the People," written for the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. In 1924 his "Israfel" won the International Poe Memorial Prize. "Shoes of Happiness" and "Gates of Paradise" are popular books of his verse.

MARQUIS, DON (Donald Robert Perry Marquis) (1878-)

A journalist, poet, and playwright, born in Illinois. His life has been given almost exclusively to literature. He has been connected with newspapers in Philadelphia and Atlanta, but since 1912 he has conducted a column, "The Sun Dial," in the New York *Sun*. The best known of his several books of verse is "Poems and Portraits." He has recently collaborated with Christopher Morley in an amusing narrative, "Pandora lifts the Lid."

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1874-)

One of England's best-known writers of plays, stories, novels, and poems. From childhood he loved the sea. At fourteen he was apprenticed as cabin boy and spent several years before the mast. He then traveled on foot through various countries, and worked in New York. At twenty-four, after reading Chaucer, he determined to become a poet. Returning to England, he devoted himself to writing. For ten years he worked patiently before the publication of "The Everlasting Mercy," a prize poem, brought him fame. During the World War he served with the Red Cross at Gallipoli and in France, and fitted out a hospital ship at his own expense. He has recorded some of his experiences in "The Front Line" and in "Gallipoli." His daughter Judith has illustrated two of her father's tales, "Right Royal," a horse-racing story, and "King Cole." Among his popular stories of adventure for boys are "Martin Hyde" and "Jim Davis." Of his early interest in poetry he writes: "I remember writing poems when I was nine years and nine months old — one about a pony called Gypsy, the other about a Red Indian. Two or three years later I wrote a birthday poem — one about a horse, and some fragments in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. I was early influenced also by Longfellow, Tennyson, and Chaucer."

MILLER, JOAQUIN (Cincinnatus Heine Miller) (1841-1913)

Born in Indiana, he went to Oregon in 1854. During the course of his picturesque life he was a miner in California, studied law, and became a journalist, a county judge in Oregon, and an editor in Washington, D.C. His travels included a year in Europe in 1870 and a year in the Klondike gold fields in 1898. He took his name "Joaquin" from his defense of a Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta. "Songs of the Sierras" is one of the best known of his volumes of collected verse. His most quoted poem is "Columbus."

MINOT, JOHN CLAIR (1872-)

A poet and editor, born in Maine of the tenth generation in direct descent from a Minot who came to Massachusetts in 1630. Educated at Bowdoin College, he began editorial work on the *Kennebec Journal*. Later he was connected with the *Youth's Companion*. Since 1919 he has been literary editor of the *Boston Herald*. He is also a lecturer on current literature at Boston University. Besides a history of Bowdoin College and a collection of Bowdoin verse he has published many poems, stories, articles, and lectures.

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT (Mrs. William Sanborn Young)

A Californian of the third generation; now living in Los Gatos, California. Among her published poems and novels are "The Night Court and Other Verse," "Play the Game," "A White Stone," and "The Call of the House." Of her habits of writing she says, "I work in a little cabin high on the hill above my house from nine to one every forenoon, and usually work another hour late in the evening."

MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771-1854)

A Scotch poet, newspaper editor, social reformer, and lecturer on poetry before the Royal Institute of Dublin. A collection of his poems, of which the most famous are "The West Indies" and "Greenland," was published in 1853.

MORGAN, ANGELA

A poet and lecturer. Although born in Washington, D.C., and educated at Columbia University, she has spent most of her life in the Middle West. She is a frequent contributor to Chicago, Boston, and New York papers and magazines. She was a delegate to the First International Congress of Women at The Hague in 1914, where she read an original poem, "The Cry of the Mothers." At the national burial service at Washington, D.C., on Armistice Day, 1921, she was chosen to read her poem "To the Unknown Soldier." Such volumes as her "Forward March!" "The Luminous Heart," and "The Hour has Struck" show her warm sympathy with industrial workers and her interest in social reforms.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER DARLINGTON (1890-)

Poet, novelist, and essayist, now living in New York. On his return from Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar for three years, he held various editorial

positions with leading magazines. He is now a contributing editor to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, where he conducts a column, "The Bowling Green." Among his more recent publications are "Where the Blue Begins," "Chimney Smoke," and "Pipefuls," a series of essays. He has written much humorous and light verse, especially poems for and about children and about the everyday affairs of life.

MORTON, DAVID (1886-)

A Kentucky poet, educated at Vanderbilt University, Nashville. For six years he was a journalist in Louisville, then a teacher in Morristown, New Jersey. He is now a professor of English at Amherst College. He is especially fond of the sea, as is shown in "Ships in Harbour," a volume which in 1919 won the Lyric Society Prize of \$500 for the best single book of poems for the year. "Harvest" and "The Sonnet — Today and Yesterday" are his latest publications.

NAIDU, SARAJINI (1879-)

An East Indian poet, born at Hyderabad, in the Deccan, of Bengali-Brahman extraction. She graduated from King's College, London, and Girton, Cambridge, then returned to India, where she has lectured on many questions of social, religious, and national importance and has been active in connection with the women's movement among her people. For her relief work during the Indian famine she was decorated by King Edward. Her three books of verse — "The Golden Threshold," "The Broken Wing," and "The Bird of Time," written in English — have all been translated into her native language and some of them into other European languages. Several of her poems have been set to music.

NEALE, JOHN MASON (1818-1866)

An English clergyman, born in London. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Seatonian prize for a sacred poem nine times in sixteen years. Most of his life was devoted to his church duties at Crawley. In 1855 he founded the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, an organization which is still active. He is the author of about seventy books on church life, history, and literature, and of two books of hymns.

NESBIT, WILBUR DICK (1871-1927)

Born in Ohio and educated in the public schools. He spent his early years in journalistic work, but later devoted himself to literature. Three of his best-known books are "The Trail to Boyland," "The Gentleman Ragman," and "The Land of Make-Believe."

NOYES, ALFRED (1880-)

This notable English poet is also a writer of tales and plays. He was educated at Oxford, where he was a winning crew man. He is now living in London. While he was a visiting professor at Princeton University he became well known

throughout the United States as a lecturer on poetry and a reader of his own verse. His experiences with the British fishing smacks serving in the Baltic Sea during the World War are described in "Open Boats" and "Songs of the Trawlers." For his special services there and in the British Foreign Office he was created C. B. E. (Commander of the British Empire). He has a remarkable gift for writing musical verse. Among his most popular poems are "The Highwayman," "The Barrel Organ," "The Flower of Old Japan," "Drake," and "Sherwood," a play based on the story of Robin Hood.

O'HAGAN, THOMAS (1855-)

A Canadian author, essayist, and lecturer. Born and living in Toronto, Canada. Educated at Canadian, American, and European universities, he became editor of the *New World*, Chicago. He is a member of many literary clubs. He is especially interested in Canadian life and letters. Among his published verse are "With Scrip and Staff," "Songs of Heroic Days," and "In the Heart of the Meadow."

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE (1844-1890)

An American journalist and poet, born in Ireland. Exiled as a young man on account of his political activities with the Fenians, a revolutionary organization active in Ireland, he was sent to West Australia, then a penal colony. Escaping, he came to the United States, where he was occupied chiefly in journalism. For many years he was editor of the *Boston Pilot*. In 1886 he was chosen to read the poem at the dedication of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument in Plymouth. In addition to his collection "Poetry and Songs of Ireland" he has published many poems and stories.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR (1844-1881)

An English poet of Irish ancestry. For a time he was connected with the British Museum and later with the Department of Natural History. Always delicate in health, his work was impeded by long periods of illness. His first literary success, which came with "Epic of Women," in 1870, was strengthened by "Music and Moonlight" in 1874.

PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW (1861-)

A journalist and author, born and living at New Bedford, Massachusetts. For many years he was an editor of the *St. Nicholas* magazine. Besides his many volumes of fiction and verse he has written some notable biographies, including "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain."

PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON (Mrs. Lionel Marks) (1874-1922)

An American poet and dramatist. After graduating from Radcliffe College she was a member of the English department at Wellesley College until her marriage in 1906. Besides her several volumes of graceful verse she is well known for her plays "The Wolf of Gubbio" and "The Piper." The latter was

the winning play out of three hundred and fifteen manuscripts for the \$10,000 Stratford-on-Avon prize in 1910. "The Singing Leaves" is one of her most admired books of verse.

PEACH, ARTHUR W.

A professor of English at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont. He is a contributor to current magazines and the author of "The Hill Trail."

PIERPONT, JOHN (1785-1866)

A New England poet and clergyman; the author of "Airs of Palestine."

POOLE, LOUELLA C. (Mrs. Julius Pächtz)

A New England poet and writer, now living in Roxbury, Massachusetts. She is a frequent contributor to Eastern magazines and papers. "A great lover of animals, she writes much about them, especially for publications of humane societies.

POPE, ALEXANDER (1688-1744)

A brilliant English poet, essayist, translator, and critic. Born in London, where he spent most of his life, he was educated privately on account of ill health. Always interested in literature, in his fifteenth year he had completed an epic poem of four books, and at twenty-one his "Pastorals" had established him as first poet of his time. This reputation was maintained by later writings of many types, including such well-known classics as "Essay on Man," "An Essay on Criticism," and "The Temple of Fame," and a translation of the "Iliad." After 1715 he lived at Twickenham, the beautiful suburban villa with which his name is closely associated. The frequent repetition of his epigrams, such as "To err is human, to forgive divine" and "The proper study of mankind is man," is ample proof of his lasting influence on our literature.

PRATT, HARRY NOYES (1879-)

A poet, critic, and editor. Born in Wisconsin but living in California since 1903. He was the winner of the Laura Blackburn Lyric Poetry Prize in 1922 and again in 1923. His best-known book of verse is "Hill Trails and Open Sky."

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825-1864)

An English poet; born, lived, and died in London; the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter. Under an assumed name she contributed her first poems to *Household Words*, then edited by Charles Dickens, a friend of her father, but she is known chiefly for her "Legends and Lyrics."

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER ("Barry Cornwall") (1787-1874)

This essayist, biographer, and writer of songs was educated at Harrow, where he was a schoolmate of Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. In 1807 he went to London to study law. There, because of his interest in letters, he became the

friend of many literary men, — Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and later Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson, and Carlyle. Thackeray, who affectionately dedicated his "Vanity Fair" to Procter, described him as "one of the kindest souls that ever gladdened earth."

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN (1822-1872)

A poet, sculptor, and painter of New York City. He is the author of "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," "Poems," "The House by the Sea," "Sylvia," a novel, and many lays and ballads. He is best remembered as the author of "Sheridan's Ride."

REED, EDWARD BLISS (1872-)

A Connecticut editor and writer. A graduate of Yale University, he was a member of the English department there until he became assistant editor of the *Pale Review*. He served as a major with the American Red Cross in Palestine in 1919, and is still a government instructor in field artillery. He has published several books of his own verse and has edited a number of collections. His latest volume is "Songs from the British Drama."

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH (1856-)

For nearly forty years she was a teacher of English in the Western High School, Baltimore, Maryland. She retired in 1921. In recognition of her contributions as poet and educator her students and the alumni have presented this school with a bronze tablet embossed with her poem "Tears." Among her volumes of charming verse are "A Wayside Lute," "Spicewood," and "Wild Cherry."

RICE, WALLACE de GROOT CECIL (1859-)

An author and lecturer who has lived in Chicago since 1861. A lawyer by profession, he has devoted much time to journalism, contributing to various magazines and newspapers. With his sister Frances he is the compiler of numerous books of verse, including "The Humbler Poets." He is also the author of such patriotic pageants as "Fort Wayne" and "The Pageant of the Flag."

RICHARDS, MRS. LAURA ELIZABETH (1850-)

This New England writer is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the author of the famous poem "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She is now living in Gardiner, Maine. She writes much for children. "Captain January" is her most widely known story.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1853-1916)

This poet and journalist, familiarly called the Hoosier Poet, is especially popular for his child and dialect verse. His birthday, October 7, is celebrated as a holiday in Indiana, his native state. He was partly educated for his father's profession, the law, but at eighteen joined a troupe of traveling players, in which

he did everything from painting signs to beating the drum. In the most casual way he began to write verses which appeared in an Indianapolis newspaper as the work of a local farmer, but such poems as "The Old Swimmin' Hole" attracted a national audience. He was popular also as a lecturer and a reader of his own verse. He stands next to Eugene Field as our most successful writer of child verse.

ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT (Mrs. Douglas Robinson) (1861-)

The younger sister of Theodore Roosevelt, — the "Connie" of his boyhood diary. She is a poet and writer of New York City, where she is very active in charitable and civic organizations. Her publications include three volumes of verse and a biography of her famous brother.

RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1900)

An eminent English art critic and writer. After graduating from Oxford he spent some years studying on the Continent, especially in Italy. For many years he was professor of art at Cambridge and Oxford universities, and on his retirement lived at Coniston in the lake country of England. He spent a life of earnest toil as critic, social reformer, and moralist, ever striving to combine beauty with utility. Besides an extended series called "Modern Painters" his works include "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice," which he illustrated with appropriate sketches and paintings.

RUSSELL, GEORGE W. ("A. E.") (1867-)

An influential Irish painter and writer, who published under the pen name "A. E." While an art student in Dublin he met Yeats, and later associated with him, Lady Gregory, and Hyde in furthering the Celtic revival. Because of the strong influence which he exerted upon younger writers his home became a center of hospitality and interest in social, artistic, and intellectual problems. He is a man of varied interests, for he is one of the heads of the Irish Agricultural Association, a student of economics, a sociologist, a public speaker, a fiery patriot, a painter of note, and a mystical poet. Much of his poetical work shows the influence of early Irish folklore.

SCHACHT, MARSHALL (1905-)

This young writer was born in Brookline, Massachusetts. After studying at Wesleyan College he entered Dartmouth College. While an undergraduate there he contributed several poems to "Dartmouth Verse, 1925."

SCOLLARD, CLINTON (1860-)

A poet, novelist, and professor, long a resident of New York State. After studying at Harvard and Cambridge universities he devoted his life to literary pursuits. In his numerous volumes of verse are many exquisite short poems and a number of ballads on subjects most interesting in American history.

SCOTT, Sir WALTER (1771-1832)

A famous Scotch poet and historical novelist. Born and educated in Edinburgh, he became a lawyer and court sheriff, but soon turned to letters. For years, while he was writing much poetry under his own name, he was publishing his novels anonymously. As the "Great Unknown" he won lasting fame for his series of Waverley novels, and his ballads and narrative poetry proved his genius for telling a tale in verse as well as in prose. After he had been honored with a baronetcy and had established himself in Abbotsford, his country home, he became bankrupt through the failure of his publishing partners. For the remainder of his life he labored heroically to pay off their debts by his pen alone. He succeeded in saving his honor, but at the sacrifice of his health. He is buried in Dryburgh Abbey, in the heart of the Lowlands which he loved and has described so well. Among his works familiar to all are "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion."

SHEARD, VIRNA

A Canadian writer; author of "Carry On!"

SHEPARD, ODELL (1884-)

A professor of English; also a writer and organist. Born in Illinois and educated at Chicago and Harvard universities, this critic and lecturer is now the head of the department of English at Trinity College, Hartford. Besides his books of literary criticism of British and American poets, and biographies of Shakespeare and Bliss Carman, he has compiled a collection of "Best Essays for 1925" and has also published a volume of his own verse, "A Lonely Flute."

SHORTER, (Mrs.) DORA SIGERSON (-1918)

A gifted Irish poet, born in Dublin, where her family was prominent socially and intellectually and was actively engaged in politics. After her marriage to Clement Shorter in 1897 she lived in England, but always maintained her warm interest in her native land.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (1841-1887)

A native of Connecticut, Sill was educated at Yale University, graduating as class poet. After several years of editorial work in Ohio he began teaching. He soon became professor of English literature at the University of California, but resigned in 1882 to devote his life to letters. He produced some excellent poetry, and at the time of his death seemed to be on the verge of higher attainment.

SIMMS, EVELYN

A contributor to current magazines. She is the author of "The Crowning Purpose" and "A Vision of Consolation."

all right

SMITH, CICELY FOX (1882-)

An English poet and novelist, now living in London. She is a lineal descendant of Captain John Smith and seems to have inherited his adventurous spirit. In order to understand ships and sea life she spent some years on the coast of British Columbia. This deep-seated interest has carried into her books of verse, "Small Craft" and "Sailor Town." Because these spirited sea songs were published under the name C. Fox Smith it was assumed for many years that the author was a man.

SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER (1840-1916)

A poet and scholar; born in Kentucky and died at Peoria, Illinois. His best-known poem, "God and the Soul," was printed in 1902. In the same year President Roosevelt appointed him one of the arbitrators to settle the anthracite-coal strike.

SPEYER, LADY LEONORA (1872-)

A poet and lecturer on music and poetry. Born and educated in Washington, D. C., she now resides in New York City. Before her marriage she was a professional violinist. Besides her frequent contributions of verse to leading magazines she has published two books of poems. "Fiddler's Farewell" won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1926.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (1833-1908)

A poet, critic, and man of letters. Upon his graduation from Yale University he entered journalism, was a war correspondent, and afterward a stockbroker in New York City. In addition to his own books of verse he is widely known as a compiler and critic of the works of other writers. Two of his volumes of critical essays are "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America." His widely known collections are "A Victorian Anthology" and "An American Anthology."

STEPHENS, JAMES (1882-)

A leading Irish poet and novelist. Born and still living in Dublin, where, as an authority on art, he is an assistant director of the National Gallery. He was working as a typist and shorthand clerk in a lawyer's office when his verse and fairy stories, strong in their portrayal of Irish life and character, came to the attention of "A. E." (George W. Russell). In 1912 "The Crock of Gold" brought him sudden fame. He has since published several volumes of verse and many stories of Celtic folklore, including "Deirdre" and "In the Land of Youth."

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894)

A distinguished novelist, essayist, and poet, born in Edinburgh. At first he followed the profession of his family, who for many generations had been lighthouse engineers, but his strong literary bent caused him to turn to writing. His poor health, however, necessitated travel, particularly in warm climates. After journeying on foot, by canoe, and on donkey through France and the Lowlands

he visited California, lived in Switzerland, returned to the Pacific coast, and finally settled at Vaillima on the Samoan Islands. The natives there loved him and named him "Tusitala" (the teller of tales), because he always had a story to tell them. As an expression of their love sixty of them hewed a pathway to his house, which they called "The Road of the Loving Heart." His "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" are eternal classics of youth, and "A Child's Garden of Verses" is a world favorite. His unfailing good fellowship, courage, and broad charity are well expressed in his "Christmas Sermon": "To be honest — to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less — to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence — to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered — to keep a few friends but these without capitulation — and above all on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

STODDARD, ANNE

Author of poems and articles for various magazines. She is now on the editorial staff of the book-publishing department of the Century Company. She is co-author with Tony Sarg of the dramatization of "Don Quixote" and other plays for puppets. She has also written "A Book of Marionette Plays."

SYMMES, HAROLD (1878-1910)

Author of "Children of the Shadow" and "Songs of the Yosemite."

TAYLOR, BAYARD (1825-1878)

A poet, novelist, translator, writer of books on travel, and popular lecturer. Even while a boy in Pennsylvania, where he was apprenticed to a printer, he was chiefly interested in travel and writing. For two years he went on foot through Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, and France, writing letters to American papers. Later he sailed around the Horn to California with the forty-niners and was appointed California correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. He traveled also through Egypt and the Orient and accompanied Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. He served as secretary of the legation to St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and as minister to Russia. His life was nomadic and eventful, with many adventures crowded into it. In Whittier's "Tent on the Beach" Taylor is described as the Traveler. His books of travel contain many striking pictures of bygone times and places changed beyond recall. Two of his most famous works are "Views Afoot" and "By-Ways of Europe."

TEASDALE, SARA (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger) (1884-)

A poet, born in St. Louis; living in New York City since her marriage in 1914. In 1911 she won the Lyric Society Prize of \$500, and her volume "Love Songs" was awarded the Columbia Prize of \$500 for the best book of verse in 1917. Since then she has published several other volumes, including "Flame and Shadow," and has edited "The Answering Voice," a collection of love lyrics by women, and "Rainbow Gold," a collection of verse for children.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, (Lord) (1809-1892)

One of England's greatest poets. From his youth he was interested in writing. When he was eighteen he and his brother Charles published a volume of juvenile verse. At Trinity College he was a fellow student of Arthur Hallam, whom he has commemorated in "In Memoriam," one of the finest poems in the English language. On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson was created poet laureate, and in 1884 he was raised to the peerage. The later years of his life were spent in his home at Aldworth, Sussex. (He is buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and beside Robert Browning.) Many of his exquisite lyrics, such as "Sweet and Low" and "The Splendor falls on Castle Walls," have been set to music. Among his familiar longer poems are "The Idylls of the King," "The Princess," "Maud," and "Enoch Arden." (He was the most widely read English poet of his day, as well as one of the most loved and admired men in his own country.)

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863)

One of the most celebrated English novelists, a critic, and a writer of travel sketches. Born in Calcutta, where his father was in the service of the East India Company, he was taken to England when he was five years old. After being educated at Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he studied law in London. He then traveled on the Continent, studying art for several years before he devoted himself to literature. He contributed sketches and caricatures to various serious and comic magazines, including *Punch*. His "Vanity Fair" brought him immediate fame as a novelist, — a fame which increased with each new book. An American critic, on being asked which of these novels he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray used his ability in drawing to illustrate many of his own works. In America as well as in England he was popular as a lecturer and writer, and when he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* it quickly attained an enormous circulation. Favorites among his novels are "Pendennis," "The Virginians," "The New-comers," and "Henry Esmond."

THORNBURY, (George) WALTER (1828-1876)

A London writer. When he was only seventeen he published a series of topographical and antiquarian papers in the *British Journal*. His various writings include contributions to magazines, translations from La Fontaine's fables, and several books on art, biography, history, and travel, besides books of verse of many types.

TURNER, NANCY BYRD (1880-)

A poet and writer, born in Virginia and educated in Maryland. In 1916 she joined the staff of the *Youth's Companion* and was editor of its children's page from 1918 to 1922. She is a frequent contributor to American and British magazines. Her books of verse are "Zodiac Town" and "The Adventures of Ray

Coon." Her "Ballad of Lucky Lindbergh" has received high praise as an interpretation of the aviator's flight from America to France.

TURNER, WILLIAM J. (1889-)

An English poet, essayist, and dramatic critic. He was on the staff of the London *Mercury* and is now literary editor of the London *Daily Herald* and musical critic of the *New Statesman*. His volumes of verse, "The Hunter," "The Dark Fire," and "The Dark Wind," are noteworthy for their unusual themes.

TYNAN, KATHARINE (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) (1861-)

A lifelong resident of Dublin. She is a writer of verse, novels, miracle plays, and memoirs, and is a reviewer for the London *Bookman*. She is a member of the Irish revival movement and is very active in philanthropic work. Her most characteristic work is found in her dialect verse and in her poems on religious themes.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS (1885-)

A poet and reviewer, born and educated in New York City. At seventeen he entered the wholesale jewelry business, but left it in 1923 to give his time to study and writing. He is an occasional lecturer on poetry at Yale and Princeton. He has published many volumes, including "The New Era in Contemporary Poetry," which is a book of criticism, and "This Singing World" and "Yesterday and Today," two collections of verse for younger readers. Chief among his own books of verse are "These Times" and "... and Other Poets."

VAN DYKE, HENRY (1852-)

A poet, lecturer, essayist, and diplomat; born in Pennsylvania and educated at Princeton, Harvard, and Yale universities. He was ordained as a minister, and after some thirty years of intermittent church service was chosen moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly for 1902-1903. Since 1900 he has been professor of English at Princeton University, and during 1908-1909 he was American lecturer at the University of Paris. From 1913 to 1917 he was United States minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, and has recorded his experiences in "Fighting for Peace." During America's participation in the World War he served as a naval chaplain, and in 1918 was made commander of the Legion of Honor. Among his more recent volumes are "Companionable Books," "Six Days of the Week," and "Half-told Tales"; "The First Christmas Tree" and "The Other Wise Man" are favorite Christmas stories.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892)

A widely known poet. His early life was spent on a Long Island farm, but later he was a carpenter, printer, and journalist in New York City. He loved to wander about the streets and wharves of that city, watching the crowds and making friends with everyone, especially the ordinary workman. While serving

as an army nurse during the Civil War he helped the wounded of both armies, cheering them by sitting up with them, writing their letters, and bringing them fruit and flowers. Often when he left they would call out, "Come again, Walt; come again." Under this strain his health broke, and he was attacked by malaria, from which he never fully recovered. For a time he was a government clerk, but after 1873, when paralysis overtook him, he spent his life in Camden, New Jersey. Because his hair grew gray early in life, he is often called the Good Gray Poet. A lover of freedom, even in forms of writing, much of his verse is a chant of sympathy and brotherhood. "Leaves of Grass" and "Drum Taps" (a record of his war experiences) are his two best-known volumes.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892)

One of our greatest poets, affectionately called the Quaker Poet and the Burns of America. The old farmhouse at Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he lived as a child — and which still stands — was built by his great-great-grandfather. "My own boyhood was that of a typical New England farm lad," he said; "hard work, no luxuries, and few pleasures." While he was working his way through Haverhill Academy a borrowed copy of Burns's poems awakened in him a desire to write poetry. Soon afterward he became a magazine editor. On account of his fearless articles in opposition to slavery the printing press of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* was attacked by mobs. Many of his poems, such as "The Barefoot Boy" and "Maud Muller," are universally familiar, and some of his longer narratives, such as "Snowbound" and "Songs of Labor," are equally popular.

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD (1855-)

An author and retired professor, living at Beverly, Massachusetts. After graduating from Harvard he taught at Nebraska and Columbia universities, where he had a distinguished and influential career. He is the author of numerous books, both in verse and in prose, including works of literary criticism and the interpretation of such poets as Shelley and Rupert Brooke, biographies of Poe and Emerson, and six volumes of his own collected essays.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)

One of England's most celebrated poets; often called the Great Nature Poet. Born in the Cumberland highlands, he spent most of his life in the lake country, not far from his birthplace. Following his study at Cambridge and a tour in France he came back to Grasmere, where he lived a simple life, depending largely on nature for companionship and inspiration. With his wife and his sister, his close friend Coleridge, and a few other literary comrades he devoted himself to writing verse. In recognition of his poetic genius he was made poet laureate in 1843, on the death of Southey. Although most of Wordsworth's poems are about everyday events and subjects, they contain profound truths and intense emotion, for he succeeded in expressing the healing power of Nature

and the part she plays in man's spiritual life. Among his most exquisite verses are "The Skylark," "Tintern Abbey," "Three years she grew in sun and shower," "She was a phantom of delight," and "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER (1865-)

An Irish poet, lecturer, and dramatist, now living in Dublin. He was born at Sligo, where he learned the fairy stories, the native folklore, and the tales of the countryside which have furnished much of the material for his writings. After studying art successfully he turned to letters, and has produced over forty volumes of prose, plays, and poetry. He has been very active in the revival of the Celtic language, literature, and folklore; and in order to promote national independence in the drama he, with Lady Gregory, founded the Abbey Theater in Dublin. For his literary successes he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923. Among his best-known plays are "The Hour Glass" and "The Land of Heart's Desire"; his most characteristic books of verse are "The Wind among the Reeds" and "The Wild Swans at Coole."

YEOMANS, EDWARD

A Chicago manufacturer interested in education. His "Shackled Youth," a collection of essays on educational subjects, was published in 1921.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND POEMS

	PAGE
ABBEY, HENRY	"What Do We Plant?" 26
ADAM, HELEN DOUGLAS	The Music of the Pines 210
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY	A Turkish Legend 88
AUTHOR UNKNOWN	An Ancient Toast 15
	Good King Wenceslas 121
	The Months 95
	Riding Song 204
	Sir Patrick Spens 137
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL	"To Sea" 212
BENJAMIN, PARK	Alexander Taming Bucephalus . . . 130
BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB	The Flag Goes By 251
BLAKE, WILLIAM	Holy Thursday 12
BRALEY, BERTON	Heroes 252
BRANCH, MARY BOLLES	The Petrified Fern 61
BRIDGES, ROBERT	"Hark to the Merry Birds" 46
	"Spring Goeth All in White" 99
BROOKE, STOPFORD AUGUSTUS	The Earth and Man 311
BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL	The Vigil 324
BROWN, ALICE	Candlemas 96
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	A Musical Instrument 275
BROWNING, ROBERT	Hervé Riel 152
	"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" 150
	Song 95
BURNET, DANA	The Homeland 92
BURNS, ROBERT	A Man's a Man for A' That 318
BYRON, LORD	The Destruction of Sennacherib . . 129
BYRON, MAY	The Adventurers 127
CAMPBELL, JOSEPH	"I will go with my Father a-Ploughing" 25
CAMPBELL, NANCY	The Apple-tree 65
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	Lord Ullin's Daughter 175
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM WILFRED	Margery Maketh the Tea 17

		PAGE
CANTON, WILLIAM	A New Poet	9
CARLETON, WILL	The Ride of Jennie M'Neal	237
CARMAN, BLISS	Spring Song	102
	Trees	63
	Winter Streams	113
CAWEIN, MADISON	"I Hear the Woodlands Calling"	112
CHAPMAN, ARTHUR	The Ranger's Life	206
CLARKE, FRANCES	Who Calls?	101
COLERIDGE, SARA	The Months	95
CONKLING, HILDA	Tree-toad	54
COOLBRITH, INA DONNA	In Blossom Time	199
COWPER, WILLIAM	John Gilpin	166
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN	"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"	212
DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTINE	The Song of the Thrush	49
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN	David	280
DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY	The Child and the Mariner	75
DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS	Day	196
DE LA MARE, WALTER	Sleeping Beauty	264
	Tartary	88
DICKINSON, EMILY	A Book	263
DOYLE, ARTHUR CONAN	The Song of the Bow	78
DRISCOLL, LOUISE	"Hold Fast your Dreams!"	325
FALLON, DAVID	Nature's Cathedrals	209
	Spring Symphony	103
FIELD, WALTER TAYLOR	Flag of the Free	242
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES	The Blue and the Gray	248
	Nathan Hale	233
FISKE, HORACE SPENCER	The Song of the Light Canoe	202
FOCHT, MILDRED	Four Trees	66
FROST, ROBERT	A Time to Talk	307
FYLEMAN, ROSE	"The Fairies have Never a Penny to Spend"	13
GARRISON, THEODOSIA	April	105
	The Shepherd who Stayed	120
GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON	The Parrots	53
GILL, ELSA	Spring in the Subway	102
GRAHAME, KENNETH	Carol	119
GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK	Amber from Egypt	87

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND POEMS

423

	PAGE
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM	Aloha 90
GUITERMAN, ARTHUR	The Pioneer 244
HALL, EUGENE J.	Kate Shelly 185
HARDY, THOMAS	The Year's Awakening 98
HARTE, BRET	Dickens in Camp 293
HARWOOD, RUTH	The Shoe Factory 29
HAZEN, ELLA M.	Unknown. 258
HEMANS, FELICIA D.	The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers 227
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	The Ballad of the Oysterman 127
	The Chambered Nautilus 315
	The Last Leaf 309
	Old Ironsides 243
	The Lent Lily 60
	Abou Ben Adhem 191
HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD	
HUNT, LEIGH	October's Bright Blue Weather 109
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT	
KEATS, JOHN	On First Looking into Chapman's Homer. 270
KEBLE, JOHN	The Effect of Example 302
KETCHUM, ARTHUR	Candle-Lighting Song 305
KILMER, ALINE	A Guest Speaks 105
KILMER, JOYCE	Gates and Doors 114
	The House with Nobody in It 307
	The Children's Song 220
KIPLING, RUDYARD	The Overland Mail 35
LANIER, SIDNEY	A Ballad of Trees and the Master 69
LEAMY, EDMUND	The Ticket Agent 37
LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS	The Homecoming of the Sheep 27
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD	"I Meant to do my Work Today" 45
LETTS, WINIFRED M.	Shops 36
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.	The Bell of Atri 133
	The Children's Hour 4
	The Leap of Roushan Beg 159
	Pegasus in Pound 272
	Santa Filomena 291
	The Ship of State 219
	The Wreck of the <i>Hesperus</i> 181
	Song 321
LOVEMAN, ROBERT	

	PAGE
LOWELL, AMY	Sea Shell 211
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	Aladdin 264
	A Christmas Carol 116
	The Shepherd of King Admetus 271
LUDLUM, MABEL CLELAND	Lights 306
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON	The Last Buccancer 76
MADDEN, JOHN S.	The Poppy 259
MALLOCH, DOUGLAS	The Cup beside the Spring 304
	Family Trees 67
MARKHAM, EDWIN	How Oswald Dined with God 284
	Joy of the Morning 48
	Opportunity 312
MARQUIS, DON	The Song of the Shepherds 117
MARTIN, WILLIAM WESLEY	"They Had No Poet" xvii
MASEFIELD, JOHN	The Apple Blossoms 64
	Spanish Waters 84
	A Wanderer's Song 73
MCCARTHY, DENIS A.	February Speaks 97
	In June 106
	The Land where Hate should Die 260
MGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN	The Port o' Heart's Desire 316
MCLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD	Lone Dog 205
MEREDITH, FLOYD	The Lure of the Trail 207
MERRILL, MARGARET BELL	"In the Midst of Them" 256
MILLER, JOAQUIN	Columbus 222
	For Those who Fail 302
MINOT, JOHN CLAIR	The Brook that runs to France 253
MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT	The Travel Bureau 38
MONTGOMERY, JAMES	The Patriot's Pass-word 141
MORGAN, ANGELA	Song of the New World 321
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER	To a Post-Office Inkwell 33
MORTON, DAVID	For Bob: A Dog 21
	In a Girls' School 31
	An Old Lover 39
MURRAY, ELLEN	The Shepherd Dog of the Pyre- nees 177
NAIDU, SAROJINI	Coromandel Fishers 26
NESBIT, WILBUR DICK	"What Makes a Nation?" 221

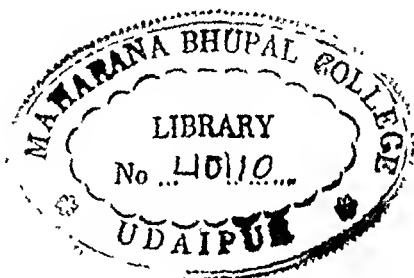
	PAGE
NESBIT, WILBUR DICK	"Who Hath a Book" 263
NICHOLS, BETH CHENEY	Wild Roses 58
NOYES, ALFRED	The Call of the Spring 197
	Forty Singing Seamen 286
	The Sign of the Golden Shoe . . . 82
O'HAGAN, THOMAS	The Song my Mother Sings . . . 16
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE	What is Good? 393
O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR W. E.	Ode 299
PAINÉ, ALBERT BIGELOW	The New Memorial Day 250
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON	A Song of Solomon 281
PEACH, ARTHUR WALLACE	"O Youth with Blossoms Laden" . 320
PIERPONT, JOHN	The Pilgrim Fathers 229
POOLE, LOUELLA C.	Harbingers 100
POPE, ALEXANDER	The Stowaway Cat 20
PRATT, HARRY NOYES	Argus 267
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE	The High Countrie 195
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER	A Lost Chord 317
	The Sea 213
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN	The Rising 230
REED, EDWARD BLISS	September 107
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH	A Little Song of Life 300
RICE, WALLACE	The First American Sailors . . . 223
RICHARDS, LAURA E.	Molly Pitcher 236
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	The Circus-Day Parade 11
	The First Bluebird 49
	Little Orphant Annie 7
ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT	Life, a Question 299
	Sagamore 253
RUSKIN, JOHN	"Awake! Awake!" 323
RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM ("A. E.")	Frolic 10
SCHACHT, MARSHALL	The First Autumn 108
SCOLLARD, CLINTON	The Climbing Road 206
SCOTT, WALTER	Hunting Song 203
SHEARD, VIRNA	Postmen 33
SHEPARD, ODELL	Home Thoughts 110
SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON	The Little Bells of Sevilla . . . 86

	PAGE
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND	The Fool's Prayer 189
	Opportunity 312
SIMMS, EVELYN	Bridge Builders 32
SMITH, CICELY FOX	Hastings Mill 215
SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER	The Starry Host 69
SPEYER, LADY LEONORA	A B C'S in Green 62
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE	Pan in Wall Street 276
STEPHENS, JAMES	The Snare 55
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	Christmas at Sea 39
	Requiem 295
	Travel 74
	A Visit from the Sea 52
STODDARD, ANNE	Armenian Song 18
SYMMES, HAROLD	Trail Song 208
TAYLOR, BAYARD	The Song of the Camp 245
TEASDALE, SARA	Barter 314
TENNYSON, ALFRED	"Break, Break, Break" 309
	The Brook 56
	The Charge of the Light Brigade 157
	Lady Clare 162
	Sir Galahad 281
	The Lotos-eaters 265
	The New Year 123
	The Throstle 106
	Ulysses 268
	The <i>Revenge</i> 143
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE	The Dead Napoleon 290
THORNBURY, WALTER	The Cavalier's Escape 148
TURNER, NANCY BYRD	Going up to London 79
TURNER, WILLIAM J.	Romance 14
TYNAN, KATHARINE	Chanticleer 18
	The Making of Birds 45
UNTERMAYER, LOUIS	Romance 313
VAN DYKE, HENRY	An Angler's Wish 200
	A Home Song 3
	Inscriptions for a House 3
	The Maryland Yellow-throat 50

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND POEMS

427

	PAGE
WHITMAN, WALT	"O Captain! my Captain!" . . . 247
	The Ox-Tamer 28
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	The Gift of Tritemius 187
WILBUR, ELIZABETH A.	The Americans Come 255
WOLF, PETER GRAY	In the South Seas 91
WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD	The Child 6
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	The Daffodils 59
	Written in March 99
YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER	The Ballad of the Foxhunter . . . 179
YEOMANS, EDWARD	Navajo Prayer 301



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